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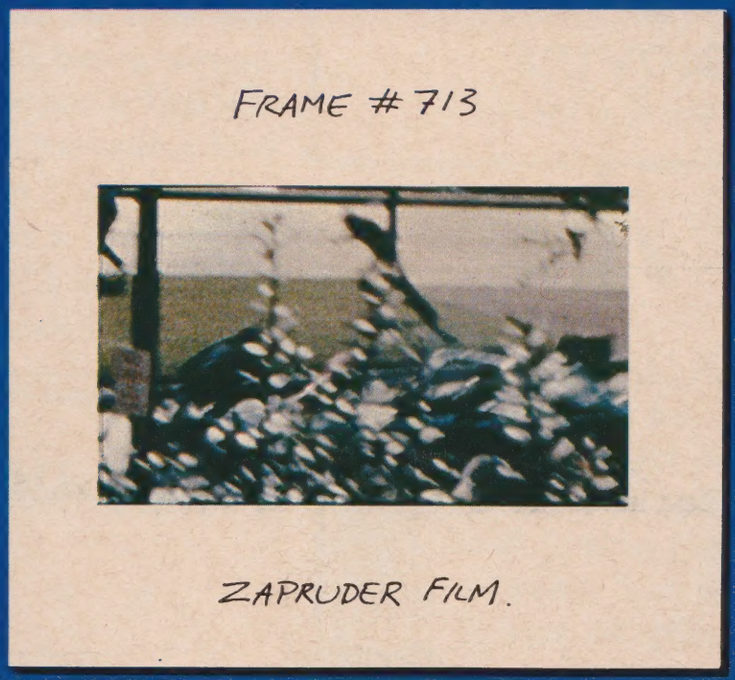
TAKE ONE

THE MAGAZINE OF THE MOVIES

KENNEDY DEATH FILMS



This film frame was exposed 5½ seconds after the fatal bullet struck President Kennedy in the head. In the background, is the Lincoln limousine seen through the tree in the foreground. On the left is Secret Service Agent Clint Hill on the trunk of the car, reaching for Mrs. Kennedy who is dressed in pink and is in the center of the frame. In the immediate foreground and at the extreme bottom of the frame, is the head of a man who might very well be one of the assassins in Dealey Plaza. To the immediate left of this man is the shape of what may be a rifle.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: A FINAL INTERVIEW

A BEGELMAN BIBLIOGRAPHY

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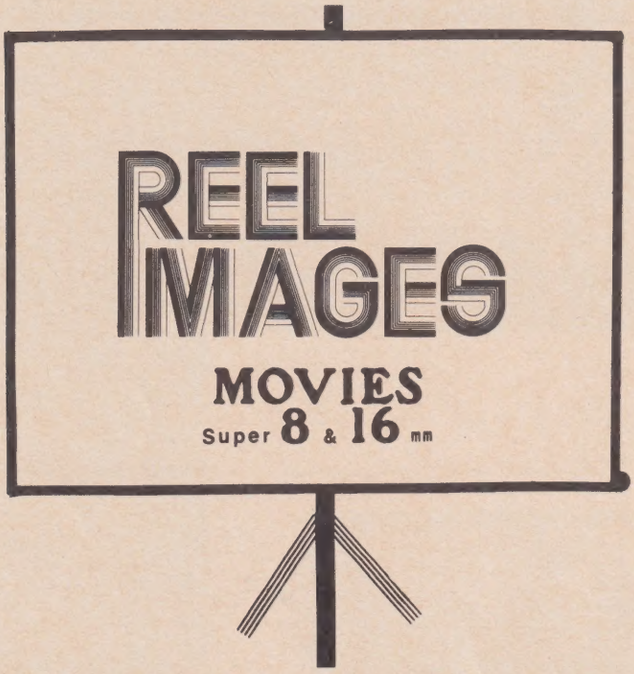

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TAKE ONE

Volume 6 Number 6
May 1978

OUR COVER

In the slide featured on our cover, the man in question is hidden behind a low cement retaining wall at the closest single point to the President at the time of the fatal shots. He had almost a 360 degree cover from the wall and surrounding area.

Better than 80% of the witnesses in the Plaza said at least one shot came from this area, and several of the witnesses chased this man back into the parking lot off to the right of this picture seconds after the shots, but he had vanished. Slide reproduced courtesy of **Robert Groden.**

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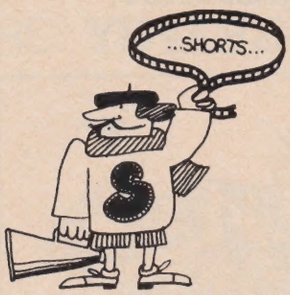
A guide to some of this season's major films culled from the writings of America's major movie critics, compiled by **Susan Schenker.**

UPFRONT

NEWS

SHORTS



CARL FOREMAN has purchased the film rights to a book being written about the late South African black leader, STEVE BIKO. . . JUDY CARNE—beset with drug charges—apparently had her legal costs taken care of (to the tune of $25,000) by ex-husband BURT REYNOLDS. . . And, speaking of BURT, we hear persistent rumours that—once a year—he checks himself into the Montreal General Hospital under an assumed name. What would that be about, do you think?. . . RAY STARK and NEIL SIMON have now firmly scheduled a sequel to *The Goodbye Girl*. RICHARD DREYFUSS, MARSHA MASON, and QUINN CUMMINGS will all reprise their roles, as will director HERBERT ROSS, shooting to start next May. The script for the film will be a polishing of *Bogart Slept Here*, which SIMON wrote before *The Goodbye Girl*. . . Someone we know recently got an official Canadian Broadcasting Corporation 1978 diary in the mail, enclosing a bilingual Merry Christmas-Happy New Year card from the CBC's president. As the recipient started cursing the Canadian Post Office for their usual delay, he noticed that the envelope was postmarked March. Nice work! . . . April 17 was the start-date for *The Great Train Robbery*, MICHAEL CRICHTON directing (from his book) SEAN CONNERY, DONALD SUTHERLAND and LESLEY-ANNE DOWN on location in Dublin and Cork. . . Sales of the soundtrack album from *Saturday Night Fever* are so strong that an additional 6,000,000 copies have been ordered from the pressing plant. . . Los Angeles Deputy District Attorney ROBERT YOUNGDAHL has charged that as many as 400 persons may have been squeezed for investment in non-existent films by a charming promotor by the name of WHIPPLE. . . RALPH BAKSHI reports that his $6-million animated feature, *Lord of the Rings*, will run to 150 minutes. It's scheduled for a November release. . . BARBARA KOPPLE—director of the 1976 Oscar-winning documentary, *Harlan County, U.S.A.*, is now at work on a fictionalized film about non-unionized textile workers in the American south. Tentatively titled *Crystal Lee* (the name of the main character), the feature is based on some 50 hours of interviews taped with workers at the Roanoke Rapids, N.C. J.P. Stevens mill. RIP TORN has been signed for a part, and the script is being written by NANCY (*Slap Shot*) DOWD . . . JERRY WEINTRAUB, who produced *Oh, God* and *Nashville* (among others), is currently in negotiations with Col. TOM PARKER and VERNON PRESLEY for theatrical rights to a biographical feature film about the late singer. . . Paramount has signed DUDLEY MOORE to write and then direct a screenplay entitled *The Joy of Sex*. Will it include a role for Moore's wife, TUESDAY WELD?. . . JONATHAN DEMME (of *Handle With Care* fame) has been signed to direct *The Last Embrace* for United Artists. . . Location-work (in Nevada) will have started by now on what is (surprisingly) ROBERT REDFORD's first film since *All the President's Men* two years ago: *The Electric Horseman*. . . ELTON JOHN and ROD STEWART will star together in a movie musical to be titled *Jet Lag*. . . HENRY JAGLOM, whose two previous films (*A Safe Place* and *Tracks*) are only now beginning to be widely released, is currently editing his third feature, *Sitting Ducks*, and has plans for another to be shot in Germany later this year, to be called *Déjà Vu*. He also has plans for an eight-hour TV version of the writings of ANAIS NIN.

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE SHORT KIND?

The Disney studios are reported to be giving serious consideration to a satirical feature, *Snow White and the Seven Space Dwarfs*. It'd be live-action, rather than animated.

NEO-REALISM REPORT

The good news is that actors playing gangsters, cowboys and police in Italian films can again use real (blank-firing) firearms (that smoke and go bang and everything) following protests by producers against a 1975 anti-terrorist law that banned such weapons from movie sets. The law forced a number of "spaghetti western" producers to make their pictures in Spain, but didn't seem to affect the terrorists a great deal.

TIME MARCHES ON

For 16 tumultuous years (1935-1951), "The March of Time" brought the world to our neighborhood screens. Now it rests—all 10 million feet of priceless 35mm stock footage—at the National Archives in Washington, D.C., where—among other things—it is available to any filmmaker who wants to use it. But probably not for long. Shot on nitrate stock, an estimated 5000 feet of the irreplaceable film is reportedly crumbling into dust every day.

SUBSIDIES AVAILABLE FOR SUPER 8 FILM

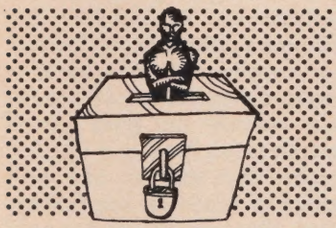
A program to subsidize Super 8 film productions has been started by R.G. Photographic, Inc., a suburban New York company which offers lab services for Super 8 film processing.

The subsidies will underwrite a quarter to half of the proposed film's budget, with the stipulation that all work be done by the lab, which provides editing facilities as well as production counselling and instruction.

A spokesman for the company states that the reason for the subsidies is a "lack of quality Super 8 production due to people trying to produce Super 8 by cutting out certain steps to production. That doesn't do the lab, or business, any good."

Students, professionals, and amateurs are eligible, and films will not be reviewed for subject matter. All work will be done at the lab where possible, and, if not, by mail. The filmmaker must supply his or her portion of the budget as a deposit before production. For further information contact: R.G. Photographic, Inc., 1511 Jericho Turnpike, New Hyde Park, N.Y. 11040. And tell them we sent you.

AND THE WINNER IS...



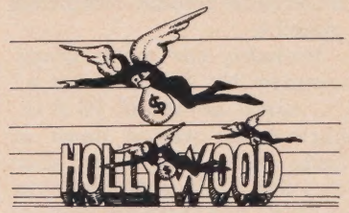
The total voting membership of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences is 3407. While the selection of Oscar-winners in the 17 general categories is open to this entire group (since major films must have played for at least one week in the L.A. area in order to be mentioned), only those Academy members who have actually seen the nominated films can vote in the categories of best documentary short, best documentary feature, best foreign film, best animated short, and best live-action short. In the frequent case that films in one or more of these five categories have not been shown commercially, the Academy sets up special screenings (two each for the foreign films and the documentary features; one single screening for the shorts). Either an Academy-member shows up at one of these screenings (and signs in) or he / she cannot vote for a winner in that category—and, thus, it often happens that as few as 600 people show up at the all-important screening and are allowed to vote.

It is ironic that it should be in these categories—in which an Academy Award is generally conceded to have some real effect on the commercial success of the winning film and the future prospects of the filmmaker so honoured—that such a tiny minority of the public is able to make the decision.

A TESTIMONIAL

"We all get cheated by the studios, and it is rarely worth the legal hassle to try to get even. I personally don't think I have been cheated that much. Big winners like *Jaws* usually allow the producers to be generous and honest."—Steven Spielberg.

RUMOURS



Rumours are flying in Hollywood in the wake of the Begelman Affair. Among the more tantalizing is the one (apparently documented with tape recordings) about the more than $3,000,000 worth of securities and / or cash missing from the office safes of at least two major studio heads—both of which "disappearances" have yet—for reason unknown—to be reported to the authorities.

LETTERS

McCabe and Mr Kawin

How can Bruce Kawin be so right about so much in his essay on Paranoia Films (*Take One*, March), and so wrong about *McCabe and Mrs Miller*?

Far from being "the most juvenile" of the strain of psycho-macho killer films which Kawin so righteously excoriates, Altman's creation was, explicitly, a rejection of that whole tradition. McCabe's death is—and this was the central theme of the movie—a direct result of his obsessive, capitalistic, male-ego, selfish individualism. Throughout the film, he continuously rejects all attempts at friendship, mutual help, or alliance: he is going it alone, the primal entrepreneur. As a result, when he comes up against a threat—in terms of bigger capitalists than he is—he has no one to help him. The violence which results, far from being justified for revenge (?) isn't justified at all: he tries to stay alive and fails, alone as he has done everything else.

Mrs Miller, far from being the treacherous whore who fails him at the time of need, is a woman who is continuously offering help—which McCabe cannot bring himself to accept in good faith on equal terms. Even the opium habit—in the original script—was McCabe's doing: as the main racketeer in the town of Presbyterian Church, McCabe was, as Altman wrote the script, the town's monopoly dope pusher.

This is not to say that *McCabe* does not illustrate the themes which Kawin discusses. It is only to say that the sensibility behind the film is very close to Kawin and his beliefs, and very much in opposition to what I agree is a "slippery, stupid and dangerous"—and widespread—movie message. I'd go so far as to say that if someone set out to make a film which argued Kawin's thesis in dramatic form, that film would be *McCabe and Mrs Miller*. But I've already said enough.

Eric Mankin
Venice, California

P.S. In any discussion of paranoia, too, there should be some recognition of a principle laid down by the late Delmore Schwartz, who had the accusation pointed at him. "Even paranoids," noted Schwartz, "have real enemies."

Bard stiff

Methinks Bruce Kawin doth protest too much [see his article, "Me Tarzan, You Junk," in the March issue of *Take One*]. I'd be interested to know what films, if any, Mr Kawin has *enjoyed*.

Lee Woodbury
New York

An egregious insult

In "The Little Fellow: Reconsidering Charlie Chaplin," (*Take One*, March '77) David Thomson does not write film criticism, he indulges in gross amateur psychiatric speculation. I will not recount the grim psychological profile he builds, usually expressed with "perhaps"—used six times in the one-page article—or an occasional "might have been." One example of Thomson's method will do. His contention that *The Great Dictator* is, in part, "retaliatory pique" at Hitler's stealing away Chaplin's world spotlight, is ridiculous. A courageous parody is reduced to self-indulgent, wounded vanity. By the same logic, one could conclude that Woody Allen was jealous of Fidel Castro in *Bananas*.

Mr. Thomson is not content with mere psychoanalytical postmortem. His structural analysis of *The Gold Rush* is "two shorts crudely tied together," a neat mathematical trick for a nine-reel film. His view is apparently not shared by 125 world critics polled by the Cinemathèque de Belgique, according to Herman Weinberg's column in the same March issue. David Jacobs, in his *Chaplin, the Movies and Charlie*, writes: "Many critics consider *The Gold Rush* the best of all Chaplin films, and even those who prefer *City Lights* or some other picture tend to agree that *The Gold Rush* has the best structure." John Howard Lawson, in *Film: The Creative Process*, describes it as an integrated five-part structure which he compares to a musical composition in mood and tempo.

Finally, let me take issue with the editors of *Take One*. The article is touted on the cover as "A Goodbye to Charlie Chaplin." If Mr. Thomson's piece is their idea of a proper farewell from film authorities to Charlie Chaplin, it is an egregious insult. Thieves have only stolen Chaplin's body, David Thomson defaces his psyche.

Scott Schutte
Wausau, Wisconsin

Dear John...

Those who can, do. Those who can't, teach. And those who know nothing about doing or teaching, become famous critics.

I have just completed reading John Simon's appallingly inept review of *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (January / 78). Usually, I try to ignore irritating, nit-picking, prissy reviews such as are the specialty of Mr. Simon. But this one burned me up to the point of writing this letter.

Film, Mr. Simon, is a visual medium. So too is it a director's medium. Steven Spielberg's creativeness as a director lies in his ability to combine his skill in

visuals with master editing, to create films in which the implausible becomes completely plausible.

Probably the most idiotic comment Mr. Simon makes is: "...some of them (U.F.O. phenomena) tracked down in India—for no good reason, since they also manifest themselves in the U.S., but Spielberg evidently wanted a trip to the East." Is Mr. Simon totally blind to the fact that the sole means of communication with the aliens at the end of the picture is the five-note musical conversation, a product of the Hindu chant, obviously aquired from the aliens, discovered by the scientists in INDIA.

This so-called critique of one of the best films of the past year is, to me, a sham. In future, Mr. Simon should keep at what he does best, attacking famous stars for their looks.

Doran Katz
Toronto

...the emperor has no clothes...

I love to read John Simon's humorously bitchy reviews. They're so obnoxiously entertaining. As I chuckled over his spiteful remarks about Steven Spielberg and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind,* however, I couldn't help thinking "Is this really what criticism is all about?"

Too much of the criticism I read is about as memorable as a McDonald's hamburger—spiced with plenty of tasty, highly quotable one-liners to disguise its lack of substance. Unsatisfying as it often is, reading about movies is an addiction I just can't seem to kick. Every time I get thoroughly disgusted, an especially thoughtful critic writes something that makes me re-experience a favorite film through much more than just a different pair of eyes. I'm grateful for critics like these for they can make me appreciate a great film even more and show me why a so-so one went wrong. And then there are the very special critics like James Agee, François Truffaut and Peter Bogdanovich whose love of movies overflows the page and literally lights up the screen.

Entertaining as it is, Mr. Simon's kind of criticism only leaves me with the gnawing sensation of having read the needlessly cruel comments of someone who regards the movies as nothing more than pools in which to gaze at his own reflection, butts for his cleverness. The same quickness of wit that makes it so clever also makes it superficial. But, as the saying goes, you can't have everything and there's a place for this kind of poison-pen criticism which Pope, Addison and Swift first honed into an art. What disturbs me, however, is that Mr. Simon is not simply regarded as entertaining, but as controversial; which means he's not simply read and enjoyed, but taken seriously. Criticism is, after all, just an opinion parading around in fancy clothes, and how the author of "opinions" that so frequently miss the boat can command the fear and loathing Mr. Simon apparently does utterly amazes me.

Linda Kowall
Huntingdon Valley, Penna.

...or maybe they're too tight?

How kind of John Simon to have resisted the obvious conclusion to his review of *Close Encounters of the Third Kind:* he didn't actually equate Mr. Spielberg's efforts with original sin.

Simon delighted in harping on minor technicalities as though *Close Encounters* was the first imperfect film. Perhaps the viewing public should rise up and demand a public birching of everyone involved with such a disgrace! I wasn't nearly as surprised as he was by the "arbitrary" way Roy's wife packed up and fled, instead of calling a psychiatrist. That's exactly what *I* do every time *my* husband starts heaving the shrubbery in through the kitchen window. Does Mr. Simon realize how much psychiatrists charge, these days? Perhaps I was distracted by the visual effects, but I never even noticed the "love affair" between Roy and Jillian. If that's all two people have to do to qualify as lovers, I better start embroidering my "Scarlet Letter." He referred disdainfully to the unclear sexual aspect of the visitors. Would he have been more comfortable if they had come out dragging five foot genitalia between their legs? I agree that Barry had too many toys; but personally, I was too busy being jealous to worry whether the excess was the fault of the single parent or the story. I didn't find the "momentousness" of John Williams' score inappropriate to the landing of extraterrestials; but then, I don't have close encounters routinely in Pittsburgh, so who am I to judge? I do like to think, though, that I'm still young enough to enjoy pleasant sensory saturation. Mr. Simon didn't even like the credits. He objected to the extravagant number of cinematographers, but I wonder if it would have been the same if it had been filmed by one amateur with a Super 8. Again, I admit, who am I to judge? I just happen to get off on being vicariously swept along with an Everyman on a cosmic adventure, the likes of which sure beats my usual day at the laundromat. Hot Damn, Mr. Simon, grow young (or try not to wear your clothes so tight at screenings)!

Elizabeth L. Jones
Pittsburgh

Taking on Tuchman

Mitch Tuchman may not be participating directly in any aspects of filmmaking, but that doesn't stop him from cashing in on one of Hollywood's biggest cottage industries: vilifying Pauline Kael. Every so often one of her former devotees (usually a critic and male) surfaces in print with a full scale attack, suggesting the legend isn't what she used to be.

Tuchman, in his shoddy tirade, refuses to give credit to Kael for transforming the face of an artform by rebelling against the "gentleman's school of criticism" that reigned in this country since the first movie was shown. He doesn't even note that her criticism is considered by many experts to hold its own with any ever written. The fact that Kael became the first critic to win the National Book Award with what is probably the finest book of film criticism ever written in this country is left unmentioned. He seems to accept the fallacious assumption that because Kael has received the acclaim she has she must be doing something wrong.

Mr. Tuchman's greatest critical gaffe occurs in his thinking that in her brilliant essay "On The Future Of Movies" Kael hit rock bottom by suggesting that artists have greater control over their product! The fact that Kael cares so deeply for art and feels pain at any business that suppresses it comes through so strongly in this masterpiece that it becomes an elegy for every artist whose dreams were crushed and destroyed by bureaucratic indifference. Pauline Kael has become a great critic not because she's always right (she isn't) or doesn't make a fool of herself, but because she gives herself totally to her work in a way few other critics dare to. She isn't afraid to deal with the feelings that films awake in her and relate them to us. She among all the critics comes closest to approximating the high we get from any great work of art. For Tuchman to attack our premier film critic, at a precarious time when good criticism is so rare, is the height of stupidity. It is quite clear who the desperate critic is.

Dan O'Neill
Los Angeles

Oranges and snow balls

Susan Schenker's perceptive and fair November review of *Valentino* served to encourage me to see the film. I therefore offer this footnote to her reference to the flashback structure.

Although *Valentino* lacks the rich convoluted interrelationships of *Citizen Kane,* two scenes recall the *modus operandi* of *Kane*. Both films get under way with newsreel documentation announcing the death of the central figure—a flashback from our contemporary point of view—to assert the real-life existence of both men, and to set into motion the probe of the man behind the public image through the use of the flashback. The Valentino film concluded as the Kane film began, with both men dying with the symbols of their innocence—both spheres: Valentino's orange and Kane's glass snow ball—falling from their hands.

John A. Walson
Twin Lake, Michigan

Next question

Tell Mike Rogers, of Evens, Georgia, that according to Brian DePalma himself, the slow motion footage of Sue Snell at the end of *Carrie* was filmed backwards (with the actress *walking* backwards) for an extra touch of unreality, dreaminess, whatever. The cars in the background were left in just to see if anyone would notice!

David Chute
Mt. Vernon, Maine

FILM REVIEWS

THE FURY

Directed by Brian DePalma

Kirk Douglas (Peter) runs to help Amy Irving (Gillian). Elements of major tragedy in a film that charges the screen.

A 20th Century-Fox release. Director: Brian DePalma. Producer: Frank Yablans. Executive producer: Ron Preissman. Screenplay: John Farris. Photography: Richard H. Kline. Music: John Williams. Editor: Paul Hirsch. Sound: Hal Etherington. Cast: Kirk Douglas, John Cassavetes, Carrie Snodgress, Charles Durning, Amy Irving, Fiona Lewis, Andrew Stevens, Carol Rossen, William Finley, Eleanor Merriam.

The trouble with film reviews is that so many of them say the same things, and in similar terms. "The word" is beginning to come out on Brian DePalma's new film, *The Fury,* and the point about that film, what makes it really worth seeing and thinking about, appears to be getting missed.

After seeing *The Fury* I walked into the sunny landscape; I was full of the film, moved and excited and feeling very clear. It was Saturday matinee time, and the movies had finally come up with a good scary horror film; I hadn't had such a good fright on a first-run basis since the late 'fifties, when I was enough of a kid to believe anything. But more than that, the film had done something radical to the visual field, something I could recognize but not analyze; it fell somewhere between the physical luminosity of *Barry Lyndon* and the spiritual clarity of *Vampyr,* and when I got that far in my thinking I realized that my actual point of reference was not Hitchcock or Murnau or whatever "a DePalma film" is supposed to make one think of, but Werner Herzog. Then I had the bad luck to remember a review I had just read, whose point was that *The Fury* was a campy sendup of horror films. Anyone who thinks this film is funny, I said to myself, is permanently out to lunch. There is something extraordinary going on in *The Fury,* something that is both hard to miss and hard to talk about, that goes way beyond Saturday afternoon fever and deserves some kind of response.

In the first place, there are some very inadequate gestures in this film, most of which come near the end. The biofeedback lecture is, from the standpoint of tone, ridiculous; Cassavetes has often been better; the revenge taken by Robin, the boy wonder, against his doctor / lover is grossly overdone, and his grotesque levitation act is as overblown and obvious as most of *The Exorcist;* the concluding explosion (which threatens to turn this film into another *Zabriskie Point,* in more ways than one) mainly tells *MAD Magazine* just how to parody the film, which they undoubtedly will do. These flaws don't make a whole lot of difference, even if they stop *The Fury* from becoming a classic. Now that I've done my duty as "reviewer," let me jump to some larger points.

There are some films that charge the screen, some visual fields that have a clarity almost independent of their subject matter. They manifest, but do not discuss, a mental set that falls between the ineffable and a dream. There are parts of Bergman's *Persona* and *Shame* that pull this off, parts of Kurosawa's *Dersu Uzala,* Kobayashi's *Kwaidan* and *Harakiri,* Bresson's *A Condemned Man has Escaped,* and Hitchcock's *Vertigo.* Herzog does it throughout *Aguirre the Wrath of God, The Mystery of Kasper Hauser,* and *Heart of Glass.* Dreyer does it in his *Joan,* in *Vampyr,* in *Ordet,* and most particularly in *Gertrud.* And DePalma does it in *The Fury,* better than Murnau does it in *Nosferatu* (which is the central reference-film in *The Fury* as *Broken Blossoms* is in *Carrie,* despite the fact that most of the latter's critics could see only the blatant references to *Psycho*). The basic characteristic of this sort of film is that it is inseparably real and dream. There are two ways to get at this amalgam: to be absolutely realistic in *mise en scène* but to have a metaphysical subtext (not the plot, but the way you feel *something else is going on*), or to approach the world as if it were a dream in the first place. Examples of the latter approach are *Vampyr* and *Heart of Glass,* and of the former, *The Fury* and Dreyer's *Joan.* The most immediately striking thing about DePalma's film is that it is, where it counts, entirely and surprisingly realistic, but it is realism in the service of the unknown. Telekinetics and the supernatural have nothing to do with this; it is much more a question of Kirk Douglas and Amy Irving, facing each other for the first time in the middle of an American street, in one of the greatest scenes I've ever watched.

Maybe Coppola or Fuller could have gotten this good a performance out of Kirk Douglas; maybe not. But I can't imagine anyone's being able to put it to better use. This is simply one of the great performances, in tone and range the best thing Douglas has done, and it's part of the film's own tone and range that the excellence of

that performance is respected, lucidly presented, placed in the kind of integrity-space a great novel makes for its characters, or a dream for its major figures, or *Queen Christina* for Garbo. Carrie Snodgrass is as fine here as say, Ingrid Thulin is in *The Silence*. And Amy Irving is simply and irrefutably perfect, a realistic actress of major proportions. Perhaps the best way to characterize the climax of this film and the performance that make it feel right — the few minutes on either side of Douglas' suicide — is to say that it makes *The Fury*'s numerous references to Aeschylus's *Oresteia* feel appropriate rather than pretentious. There are elements here of major tragedy.

On the other hand, the film has virtually no ideas. Zilch. And looking back at DePalma's other films, I'm not surprised. His pseudo-underground work (*Greetings*, etc.) struck me as smartass. *The Phantom of the Paradise* paved the way for *Obsession* and *Carrie*, all three of them serious attempts to deal with film history and discover a personal style (a good example of what Harold Bloom calls "the anxiety of influence"). *The Fury* completes this personal education; the style has been realized. I don't yet feel, at DePalma's films, that I'm spending an evening with a wise and clever fellow like Bunuel or Hitchcock or Lang or Hawks; I don't yet feel he has anything important to say; but I know I'm in the presence of something new, a different kind of clarity, perhaps the tone that 'seventies film will turn out to have been about. I literally think that if he picks his next script carefully, this guy could go anywhere. The highest order of excellence wouldn't surprise me. If he could focus that light of his on a profound screenplay, something on the order of *Vampyr* or *Aguirre* or *Persona* or *La Rupture*, he could really be great. He has already gone beyond the directors that most resemble him, Roman Polanski and Paul Almond (*Act of the Heart*), has more guts than Bertolucci in anything but *The Conformist*, knows to use music better than anyone but Herzog and Hitchcock.

I keep mentioning Herzog because he and DePalma share this exceptionally clean eye; the metaphysical edge, fully addressed, is all that is missing from DePalma. I feel the two men are inching up opposite slopes of a mountain scaled only by Dreyer and Bresson and maybe Jordan Belson, and the point about that mountain is that the view feels important, clear-sighted, and able to address the center of nonverbal experience. They call it transcendental style, perhaps without seeing that it really is that.

Granted that *Obsession* isn't as good as *Vertigo*, that it isn't as troubling or as arresting or even as interesting, that it just didn't make it. Granted that *Carrie* is less its own film than a working-out of influences from Griffith to Hitchcock. But I almost wrote Herrmann instead of Hitchcock, because that's where the profound influence is going to come from, if it hasn't already. Very much like Herzog, DePalma is creeping up on the power of music and making it work for him in clear visuals; if he could bring genuine vision to that incredible gift of his, he could be out of this world.

Maybe he'll miss it and become some kind of Polanski; maybe he isn't interested in the first place and just wants to keep telling shockeroo stories about underdogs with power; maybe Herzog will make that definitive transcendent film instead; and maybe when that film is made, I'll know better how to talk about it. In the meantime I'll take the chance of looking like a jerk, praising a commercial smartass and his silly movie, calling it a masterpiece and wishing I knew what it had done, and how it could be done again.

Bruce Kawin

Bruce Kawin *is the author of* Tell it Again and Again, *a study of repetition in literature and film. His* Mindscreen *will soon be published by Princeton University Press.*

WOODY ALLEN: AN AMERICAN COMEDY

Directed by Harold Mantell

A production of Films for the Humanities, Inc. (P.O. Box 2053, Princeton, NJ 08540.) Produced, written, and directed by Harold Mantell. Narrated by Woody Allen. Edited by Colin Hill. Camera: Peter Sova.

This short profile takes you where you never thought you'd go — inside of the head of Woody Allen, Renaissance man. The thinker who read comic books exclusively until he began dating more intelligent women at 17. The athlete who played ball from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. in lieu of thinking. And the comedian who wanted a pet dog and ended up with an ant named Spot.

But mostly, there are no jokes, just Allen talking seriously about the development of his writing, from one-line fillers to club routines, to plays, short prose (*The New Yorker*), films, and (someday) books. He talks about the artists who have influenced his prose (Perelman and Benchley) and his comedy (Mort Sahl, the Marx Brothers, Chaplin, and particularly Bob Hope). He's hard on his early work, and dismisses his plays "Don't Drink the Water" and, to a lesser extent, "Play It Again Sam." The early films — *Take the Money and Run* and *Bananas* — reflect his skill with jokes; he strung them together and had problems with dead spots. Now, with films like *Love and Death* and *Annie Hall*, he's begun sacrificing jokes for story values, and he's confident he can go all the way into serious work and hopefully even fail. Failure he recommends for true artistry, for growth.

The young Woody: comics, baseball, and a pet ant.

He's been in therapy for so long that he's at home with words like "guilt" and "failure," especially the "failure to practice his clarinet" kind of guilt that he struggles with daily. A workaholic, who abhors the beach and parties, he spent a free summer writing in bed in his air conditioned New York apartment, with the curtains drawn.

The discussion of his writing habits will surely endear him to struggling writers of all ages; in fact, Allen as Allen is quite a likeable guy. None of his neuroses are lost in the transition from fiction to nonfiction.

Tightly edited, the film manages a fine integration of movie clips, club extracts, clarinet doodling, intelligent talk, and footage of the old Brooklyn neighborhood. The director / producer Harold Mantell (noted for his films on literary figures Kurt Vonnegut, e.e. cummings, Thornton Wilder, Jorge Luis Borges, and Yevgeny Yevtuschenko) has given Allen, the reticent, reclusive New Yorker, a comfortable forum.

And there are some surprises. You might have guessed that Allen gets most of his thrills these days from a variety of sporting events. But you may not have guessed that if Woody Allen had his life to live over again, he'd come back as an athlete, or, are you ready for this, a ballet dancer. Step aside, Rudy.

Judith Trojan

Judith Trojan *is Managing Editor of* Sightlines *magazine and Evaluations Editor at the Educational Film Library Association in New York City. She is the co-editor of a new book entitled* 16mm Distribution *and is at work on a film book for Scarecrow Press.*

COMING HOME

Directed by Hal Ashby

A United Artists release. Director: Hal Ashby. Producer: Jerome Hellman. Associate Producer: Bruce Gilbert. Screenplay: Waldo Salt and Robert C. Jones. Based on a story by Nancy Dowd. Director of Photography: Haskell Wexler. Cast: Jane Fonda, Jon Voight, Bruce Dern, Penelope Milford, Robert Carradine, Robert Ginty.

Hal Ashby's *Coming Home* comes with its own built-in responses for the armchair liberals to whom it is so clearly addressed. Shades of gray have no place in this black-or-white dissection of the Home Front during the Vietnam War. Director Ashby and his co-scenarists Waldo Salt and Robert C. Jones tip their hands during the credits by juxtaposing Bruce Dern's jogging along the San Diego beach with shots of the various amputees confined to the V.A. hospital. Instinctively, our hearts are supposed to bleed for the handicapped, and conversely, disapprove of Dern's physical wholeness, a manipulative method of scoring points that's reinforced when Dern turns out to be a psychotic bastard as well. Thus, Ashby and company insidiously play upon our preconditioned responses to the underprivileged — especially those who suffered for such an ignoble cause as Vietnam — before they establish such minor details as character, plot, locale, or period.

Dern plays an unquestioning Marine captain who is sent to Vietnam, leaving his wife (Jane Fonda) in San Diego with lots of time on her hands. Encouraged by the girlfriend of one of her husband's Marine buddies, Fonda volunteers to work at the V.A. hospital, where she encounters a former high school classmate (Jon Voight). Voight, who had been the captain of the school's football team of course, is now a paraplegic, a victim of the insanity raging in Southeast Asia.

From the moment Fonda knocks over Voight's urine bag, we know they are destined to fall in love. We know she's dissatisfied because after Dern screws her, "Hey Jude" bleats mournfully on the sound track. Don't think Ashby is scoring marks against The Beatles, however; after she and Voight do it, the joyous strains of "Strawberry Fields" announce that at last she's had her first orgasm, a not-so-muted irony that should send all restless wives into the beds of paraplegics.

Ashby has made many wrong choices in *Coming Home*, but none more alienating than this incessant stream of 60s rock that bombards the sound track. Not trusting the images and characters to carry the theme, he has undercut what little subtlety and nuance exist in the hapless script with this aural underlining of significant moments.

Fonda and Dern: All bases are touched, each one more loaded than the last.

This script, based on a story by Nancy (*Slapshot*) Dowd, is a mixed brew of bromide, redundant verbosity ("Maybe the enemy is the fucking war") and inconsistent characterizations. Jon Voight's role is conceived as a saint; he's so cool, so laid-back, so damned magnanimous that I kept expecting a halo to materialize over his head. When this guy rolls his wheelchair down a supermarket aisle throwing groceries through the air, we're supposed to think he's cute, and applaud his antic lovability.

Even more unbelievable is Bruce Dern's Captain Hyde. While his very name suggests the transformation he will ostensibly undergo in the hell of war, the scriptwriters have not bothered to externalize this change. Dern acts and looks as crazy before he leaves for Vietnam as he does when he returns. Further undermining the film's credibility, is the total absence of intimacy between him and Fonda. When she tries to save her marriage near the film's end by telling Dern she truly loves him, it comes as a bolt from the blue. He behaves callously toward her throughout, and her efforts to salvage the relationship don't jive with the radicalization she's apparently undergone in his absence.

The film is strewn with such inconsistencies and digressions. Fonda's trip to Hong Kong during her husband's leave is the most gratuitous, but equally arbitrary are the *de rigueur* subplot involving a guitar-strumming young suicide in Voight's ward, and a sequence in which Fonda and her friend (Penelope Milford) are picked up by two establishment jerks and taken to a motel. (We know they're establishment because one is fat and the other has no chin.) This last incident is intercut, for no apparent reason, with Voight's chaining himself to the Marine recruiting headquarters' gate, an act of protest against the suicide of the young veteran whose war experiences induced psychosis.

Eventually, all bases are touched, each one more loaded than the last. *Coming Home* has little time for contradictions and ambiguities; and naturally, no compassion at all is granted those less enlightened about the war. The "Love it or leave it" slogans on cars, the monotonous drone of the speaker at the hospital's July 4 celebration, and the sham underlying the medal Dern receives near the end, all support the smug assumptions we've presumably brought to the movie. Most excoriating of all is the treatment of the officers' wives who do not choose to volunteer their services to the V.A. hospital. The smugness of which Jane Fonda accuses them when they balk at reprinting photographs of the hospital's conditions in their official newsletter is indistinguishable from the smugness that permeates this film.

It's easy for Ashby to poke fun at these complacent, coiffured women; how much more difficult it would be to probe *their* loneliness and despair as well. The Vietnam War was a devastating experience for the American psyche, shattering the very foundations on which this country flourished for two centuries. Ashby and his writers do not even skim the surface of this issue; they seem totally unaware of the social-political-economic conditions which made such a debacle possible. The spate of Vietnam movies has just begun, but even such flawed works as Robert Aldrich's *Twilight's Last Gleaming* and Sidney J. Furie's *The Boys in Company C* reveal more genuine insight into the context that created Vietnam than this film does.

Coming Home's failure is doubly depressing because of the promise Hal Ashby has shown in such movies as *Harold and Maude, The Last Detail* and *Shampoo. The Last Detail* is especially rich in mood, a sense of locale and its sympathetic treatment of unlikely relationships, elements which are sadly missing in *Coming Home*. The relationship between Jon Voight and Jane Fonda is unlikely all right, but it has none of the eloquence and honesty transmitted among Jack Nicholson, Otis Young and Randy Quaid in the earlier film. Perhaps the subject matter's importance overwhelmed Ashby. I, for one, certainly hope so.

George Morris

George Morris *is the author of* Errol Flynn, Doris Day *and* John Garfield, *three of the volumes in the Illustrated History of the Movies series. His book on Hollywood melodrama of the 50s is to be published late this year.*

AMERICAN HOT WAX

Directed by Floyd Mutrux

A Paramount Pictures release. Director: Floyd Mutrux. Producer: Art Linson. Screenplay: John Kaye. Photography: William A. Fraker. Art Director: Elayne Ceder. Film editor: Danny Greene. Sound: Thomas Overton. Music coordinator: Kenny Vance. Cast: Tim McIntire, Laraine Newman, Fran Drescher, Jay Leno, Al Chalk, Sam Harkness, Arnold McCuller, Carl Earl Weaver, Jeff Altman, Moosie Drier, John Lehne, Chuck Berry, Jerry Lee Lewis, Screamin' Jay Hawkins.

Tim McIntire as Alan Freed. Ripping off the listeners one more time.

My friend Phylly calls, she says, "hey? how about you review dis new movie about rock 'n' roll called *American Hot Wax*?" So I says to myself, "why not?" So me and Susie and Hil, we climb in the car, and head on out to Fulton Ave., Brooklyn to the Loew's Metropolitan which was built around 1930-'35 to catch the flick 'cause we figure, ain't no way you can watch a movie about rock 'n' roll in Manhattan and really feel what's goin' on. So, the Metropolitan's still there, even if they closed off the balcony and they can only pull twenty people on a Monday night, and the chandelier in the lobby's still there, even though they paved over the marble floor with linoleum. Trouble is, the lenses they got on the projector in this movie house is so old they look like they got glaucoma. Everything's blurry, like. But we was all the way out in downtown Brooklyn, so we watched the flick as best we could and here's what I got to say about it.

Let me tell you about the filmmakers first. Director Floyd Mutrux first conned the now defunct Cinema Center Films into shooting his screenplay for *The Christian Licorice Store,* one of those 1970 youthcult films that proved the dream was over. He and director James Frawley got to visit Jean Renoir and hang around L.A. shooting film and throw a party and invite their friends, and that's about it. I hope they had fun. There's no way to tell from watching the film. His first time out as a director, with cinematographer William Fraker (who's shot all of Mutrux's films including this one), he produced a gutsy, realistic, semi-documentary study of the L.A. drug life called *Dusty and Sweets McGee.* People stand around and wait a lot in this movie, but it has the distinct ring of authenticity, and it featured Billy Gray (*Father Knows Best*) as a stringy-haired car freak.

Next, he took the unusual urban Los Angeles settings of *Dusty,* worked up a thin love story concerning similar outsider characters, and called it *Aloha Bobby and Rose.* Paramount claims it cost $700,000 and grossed more than $23 million. After that, he wrote and produced but did not direct *Freebie and the Bean,* a notably unremarkable movie.

Producer Art Linson used to manage underground rock groups. Then he produced *Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins,* which was O.K., and scored with Michael Schultz's *Car Wash.* The theme from that film was one of the only two platinum singles last year (the other, "You Light Up My Life," was also film-related). Apparently, Linson figured he could repeat that success by latching onto a dozen or so old rock 'n' roll songs for *American Hot Wax.* Maybe he'll score on the *Billboard* charts, but he won't in the movie business.

John Kaye has written two films, *Rafferty* and *Hot Wax,* both for Linson.

Mutrux gets by with less than almost any other working director I can think of. If you've any standards at all, *American Hot Wax* can't cut it. He and Fraker have given it the same grainy, muddy look as *Dusty* and *Aloha.* It looks like the stock was pushed eight stops. It also looks like 16mm, which it's not. All except one sequence is set at night, and most are gloomy interiors. Fraker specializes in this sort of thing. Apparently, he and Mutrux think rock 'n' roll in the fifties was some sort of offshoot of *film noir.*

There's one exterior sequence in the film: Downtown L.A. makes a laughably poor substitute for New York circa 1959 (there's even a bus with a clearly visible "Montana" destination sign) and Pasadena simply cannot pass for Long Island. The film is regularly punctuated with such anomalies. The president of the Buddy Holly Fan Club, when asked about his reaction to the singer's death, says "It blew me away." Not in 1959 he sure as hell didn't.

The concept for *American Hot Wax* was apparently just to do a film about rock 'n' roll in 1959, with continuous music on the soundtrack, lots of movement, quick cutting—you know, keep it moving and they won't notice there's no story there. According to the production notes, Linton realized during research that Alan Freed simply couldn't be fictionalized, so he isn't. (He's played by Tim McIntire.) *Hot Wax*'s Freed is a caricature at best. No doubt that complex historical figure deserves a film of his own, but this isn't it.

Alan Freed (those of you who remember him will forgive this history lesson) started playing what he called "rock 'n' roll" in Cleveland in 1952. He moved to New York's WINS in 1954 and revolutionalized pop music broadcasting during his stay there. He'd started as a classical and easy listening DJ (before 1952) but apparently became deeply committed to the new music. He was willing, even eager to play Black originals rather than white "cover" versions. He's credited with co-writing a number of songs including Chuck Berry's "Maybelline." He undoubtedly did more to popularize rock 'n' roll (née rhythm and blues) among white teenagers than anyone else (including Wolfman Jack). Most important, perhaps, he also had a strong sense of the undercurrent of cultural rebellion inherent in the music.

But Freed was also a notorious drunk (forgiveable) and deeply involved in payola (not forgiveable). If he helped make rock 'n' roll what it was in the late fifties, he was also extremely well paid under the table for his trouble. When the pay-for-play scandals broke in 1959, Freed was ousted from WABC (where he'd gone after WINS had dumped him several months earlier). He was later indicted for accepting $30,000 in payola (he pleaded partially guilty) and

income tax evasion. He died in 1965, at age 42.*

American Hot Wax makes reference to the payola business (How could it not?), but it makes it appear as if Freed was unfairly persecuted by the grown-ups (the police) because he was a champion of rock 'n' roll. I suppose there is a little truth to this interpretation, but it's hardly enough to excuse him. Yeah, everybody's on the take, but Freed was ripping off his listeners (me among them) as well as the record companies. He saw the huge potential for easy profit in hype (rather than straight music); in this respect, his career was prophetic.

But *American Hot Wax* chooses not to deal with these implications. It prefers to continue the grand tradition, exploiting the myth of the fifties teenager. The truth is that despite the rebellious quality of rock 'n' roll music, carrers like Alan Freed's underline the fact that popular music in the fifties was more of a marketable commodity than it had ever been.

The film surrounds this benighted Freed with several stock characters: Teenage Louise (Laraine Newman of *Saturday Night Live*) is a Carole King-like composer. She discovers a group called The Chesterfields (Carl Earl Weaver, Al Chalk, Sam Harkness, and Arnold McCuller) who do a magnificent rendition of the fifties rock style. Put together especially for the film, the group already has a recording contract. (Shades of the Monkees.) The rest of the music in the film is provided in part by soundtrack records, in part by ersatz groups like The Chesterfields, and in part by real-life, aging but still engaging, Chuck Berry and Jerry Lee Lewis. (Fats Domino is mentioned in the production notes, but apparently got left on the cutting-room floor. Insupportable!)

Mutrux gets by with less than almost any other working director I can think of. If you've any standards at all, *American Hot Wax* can't cut it.

Everybody runs around a lot. There's much singing on street corners (trying to catch Freed's attention). And the film ends with The Chesterfields and Teenage Louise getting their big break at a Freed concert at the Brooklyn Paramount (no longer with us) just before the police riot and close the show.

Meanwhile, *American Hot Wax* jokes a bit with the working-class Brooklyn style that Travolta, Stallone, and Winkler have made so popular in the past few years, and which is partially responsible for the success of *Saturday Night Fever*: it doesn't matter whether it's the fifties or the seventies—the style's the same.

You also learn lots about the music biz, like how they make a record. The producer comes in, tells the group it ain't working, and says "what we need is, like, five doms. . . and then a dom-dee-dooby-dom. Try it that way." Voila! Behold "Come Go With Me"! (But why is it the "Planotones" who sing it instead of the Dell-Vikings? Is this an historical "cover"?)

American Hot Wax almost pulls it off, simply because it is so irresistibly like the fifties rock 'n' roll rip-off movies in which Freed himself sometimes appeared: hokey beyond belief. But then you remember the historical situation. If you can't ignore Freed's contributions to rock, neither can you ignore his bad faith. *American Hot Wax* is a shuck. This time they're out to rip off the kids *and* their parents.

James Monaco

For more on Freed, and the music business in general, see Steve Chapple's and Reebee Garolfalo's superb new critical history, Rock 'n' Roll is Here to Pay, *available from Nelson-Hall, Chicago.*

James Monaco *is the author of* The New Wave *and* How to Read a Film, *and is* Take One*'s Associate Editor.*

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RIDDLES OF THE SPHINX

Directed by Laura Mulvey and Peter Wollen

British Film Institute Production Board release. Written and directed by Laura Mulvey, Peter Wollen. Camera: Diane Tammes. Editor: Karola Klein, Larry Sider. Music: Mike Ratledge. Sound: Larry Sider. Cast: Dinah Stabb, Merdelle Jordine, Rhiannon Tise, Clive Merrison, Paula Melbourne, Crissie Trigger, Marie Green.

Some time ago, *Variety* stringer P. Gregory Springer (Pege) sent a review of *Riddles of the Sphinx* to his editor. What follows is that original review, *Variety*'s response, and Springer's follow-up review.

Academic eyes will be on this second film of British theorist duo Laura Mulvey and Peter Wollen whose first feature, *Penthesilea,* polled second alltime favorite among England's critics last year. *Riddles of the Sphinx* sends the "woman's film" in a new direction, synthesizing radical methodology with narrative tale better than any previous attempt. Whereas similar structural efforts of Godard, Straub, Rainer, or Duras have amounted to podiumless lectures, *Riddles*'s saving grace is a long central section that is as cinematic as it is didactic. Pic could appeal to a broader spectrum of artfilm buffs.

In seven symmetrical episodes that rise to and descend from the center like a pyramid, pic questions a woman's role as mother in a patriarchal society. Opening quote of Gertrude Stein, "A narrative of what wishes of what wishes it to be," is followed by enumeration of segments. Two parts present Mulvey face-forward addressing camera, two are wordless explorations (in brash optically printed color) of Egypt and acrobats, and two are single-shot studies of a magazine and a maze. The seventh section consists of thirteen slow, steady 360° camera pans around the life of Louise, a young mother in the process of self-discovery who leaves her husband first, and ultimately her daughter. The camera records horizontally with complete objectivity. The kitchen, bedroom, day-care center, playground, etc., serve as locations for voice-over thoughts or synch sound discussions about the troubles of transition. Separating the pans are printed elliptical fragments from a larger, ungiven printed text that further reveals the characters. Often fluid, modal overlapping loops of electronic sound back up the images, and augment significantly the hypnotic motions of the film.

Pic's precise structure and fragmentary glimpses of characters make notions of "acting" irrelevant. Each of the pans are exquisitely choreographed to unfold some action. Particularly striking are the seventh (middle) pan that registers from atop a car while driving a highway cloverleaf, resulting in a double circle, and a later pan that, by

Mulvey and Wollen believe that one of the seven deadly sins of traditional cinema is "pleasure."

careful placement of mirrors and paintings constitutes a disorienting dream. The camera-person filming (Diane Tammes) is caught panning, but this too is a logical element in the dream.

A child's maze puzzle, with mercury substituted for the metal balls, provokes the pic's only humour at the player's frustration. Since it comes in the last minutes of an otherwise sober film, the punctuation is a strange footnote.

All the clever care in this *mise-en-scene* is not, however, without the rhetorical counterpart, and unfinished verbiage pours throughout the pic like a sieve. Wollen (who co-scripted Antonioni's *The Passenger*) calls *Riddles* "a framework for thought rather than a statement or call to action." Louise's discovery, in the final pan, has been a result of her detours through these many texts, and leaves her with "the power of a different language."

Riddles of the Sphinx is the most painless of the political avant-garde films to date and should be an inevitable choice for college art, language, and film theory classes, as well as an elegant entry for women's and political film fests.

Dear Pege,

This review of *Riddles of the Sphinx* is outside our interest. From your own comments, and those of our Chicago office, it is impossible to imagine any reader of *Variety* being interested. (We always have a space problem.)

Perhaps we have a certain prejudice against pretentious or self-indulgent productions.

Sincerely,
Variety

What are the answers for *Riddles of the Sphinx*? Pretentious and self-indulgent are two censorial criteria not invoked when the newest Clint Eastwood production or sexploitation fantasy comes up for review.

Trade magazines are not the only sources that have scuttled away a plug for this feminist-structuralist work. *New Times* glibly and erroneously dismissed it, sight unseen. The New York Film Festival personage at Cannes conducted a conversation during its screening. Only in England, where Mulvey and Wollen originate and have a respectable following, has the film been given a commercial run and received (positive) critical notices.

Part of the paranoia manifest towards *Riddles,* apart from the general caution exhibited for structural works or feminist works whether they are by Godard or Duras, comes from the intellectual writings of Mulvey and Wollen that reverse a cherished notion about the movies. They believe that one of the seven deadly sins of traditional cinema is "pleasure." And that won't wash with a multi-million dollar industry founded on pleasing the emotional desires of the masses.

Laura Mulvey writes, "The first blow against the monolithic accumulation of traditional film conventions is to free the look of the camera into its materiality in time and space and the look of the audience into dialectics, passionate detachment. There is no doubt that this destroys satisfaction and pleasure...and highlights how film has depended on voyeuristic... mechanisms. Women, whose image has continually been stolen and used for this end, cannot view the decline of the traditional film form with anything much more than sentimental regret." That statement practically eradicates the value of the last 75 years of mainstream film history, but surprisingly *Riddles of the Sphinx,* without compromise, manages to be the most sensuous and watchable of films.

In *Riddles*, the possibility of matriarchy is raised. "Can there be a social revolution without women in the primary role?", one of the stories asks. When Louise leaves her daughter Anna, the reasons are neither given nor required.

"She no longer needs me," says Louise.

"You mean you no longer need her," her husband Chris replies. The truth touches even more deeply, inversely, in that Louise needs to be with herself. Simone de Beauvoir declares in print that childbearing is (at the moment) the most real slavery, but that actualization in screen image and narrative has not existed previously apart from various emotional contexts, apart from cycles of the "bad woman," madness, and inevitable retribution to the mother. Louise is no Anna Karenina. Creating the possibility of feminine strength, *sans* judgement and sentimentality, is a breakthrough in film.

Sometimes when the casual and unscript-like dialogue stops, Louise's thoughts revolve voice over: "Time to get ready, storytime, desultory, peremptory, tranquilize, idolize, release, losing count, things to say, bedtime, dishcloth, keeping clean, at the heart, in the nest, comfort, minding the need, pieces of thoughts, words, the power of a different language, detours through these texts, anatomy is no longer destiny, the voice in the box was so familiar it was easy to forget, capital, body, delay, an island of comfort was so familiar it was easy to forget, capital, body, delay, an island of comfort in a sea of blood." There has been no description to adequately capture the unusual and haunting motion, the persistence of *Riddles*, but Louise's words manage to convey some of the mood.

My friend Lee told me one evening over pancakes and coffee that if someone likes film, they necessarily like structuralism. Since most movie addicts seem baffled or annoyed at the very mention of the term, I wanted to disagree, but it is no argument that without some concern or awareness for the physical facts of the medium, what one claims to love is not film but illusion. Neither painting, music, sculpture, nor theater (which can create illusion, but is not *de jure* illusionism) faces that ontology. The endless abuse of woman's image an illusion is widely acknowledged in shaping our cultural consciousness, from Busby Berkeley's all-dancing rubber stamp dolls to Barbarella. But the films that offer alternatives fight the stigma of structuralism.

Maya Deren is often called the "mother of the American experimental film," a title she would have hated, according to friend and fellow filmmaker James Broughton. "Maya would have nothing to do with motherhood," he says. Among her collected writings is this quote, "If cinema is to take its place beside the others as a full-fledged art form, it must cease merely to record realities that owe nothing of their actual existence to the film instrument. Instead it must create a total experience so much out of the very nature of the instrument as to be inseparable from its means." The movies are not art without a consideration of film as a plastic medium.

Because in *Riddles of the Sphinx* Louise's story is seen through the lateral motion that refuses to take sides, that refuses to use close-ups, zooms, even editing, or any of the other possibilities that manipulate meaning and audience identification, it succeeds in creating successful models of confrontation. No sex objects. No schmaltz. Not even a closed system or a polemic, but a "framework for thought."

Using the media tool of our age, Mulvey and Wollen have created what print can only partially attempt: a mobius strip of reality, image, word, and dialectic. A double-edged sword, *Riddles of the Sphinx* is a structural film first, out of artistic necessity. It is a feminist film secondly, naturally, as any political statement today must be. Can there be a radical artistic avant-garde without women in the primary role?

Coming from proponents of "unpleasure," it is an ironic resolve that "Riddles of the Sphinx" is ultimately a work of great satisfaction.

P. Gregory Springer

Inquiries concerning *Riddles of the Sphinx* should be addressed to: Hilary Thompson, British Film Institute, 81 Dean St., W1, London, England.

P. Gregory Springer *free-lances about film and strings for* Variety.

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AN UNMARRIED WOMAN

Directed by Paul Mazursky

A 20th Century-Fox release. Written and Directed by Paul Mazursky. Producers: Paul Mazursky and Tony Ray. Director of Photography: Arthur Ornitz. Production Design: Pato Guzman. Editor: Stuart H. Pappe. Music: Bill Conti. Cast: Jill Clayburgh, Alan Bates, Michael Murphy, Cliff Gorman, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Lisa Lucas.

Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and Martin (Michael Murphy) seem to be an ideal couple. In their early 30s, the parents of a bright, hip teenage daughter (Lisa Lucas), residents of New York's upper East Side, comfortable within their upper middle-class stockbroker's income bracket, they're the envy of all their friends. One afternoon after a casual lunch together near the Soho art gallery where Erica works part-time, Martin. collapsing hysterically on a street corner, confesses he has been seeing another woman for some time, and moreover, wants to live with her.

And so begins *An Unmarried Woman,* writer-director Paul Mazursky's depiction of the difficulties facing a divorced woman who has depended on a man for her entire adult life. Jill Clayburgh's attempts to reconcile the freedom thrust upon her with her married past, recall such previous Mazursky characters as the eponymous quartet from *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice* (1969), George Segal in *Blume in Love* (1973), and Lenny Baker in *Next Stop, Greenwich Village* (1976). Mazursky's protagonists usually have one foot in the past, with the other foot pointed hopefully toward a future built on equal parts of wish-fulfilling fantasies and the stubborn pursuit of a difficult, if not unattainable, goal. This tension, manifested by contrasting two ways of life, is reflected in a directing style continually teetering between classicism and modernism. Although Mazursky's absurdist strain is more subdued in *An Unmarried Woman,* the balance between visual styles remains, hand-held camera-work coexisting with formally-structured long takes and classical editing.

An Unmarried Woman differs sharply from Mazursky's other movies, in that Erica is less concerned about her future than she is with the more immediate adjustments to divorce and solitude. She shares with his other strugglers, however, their determination, resilience and vulnerability, simultaneously embodying Mazursky's most maturely realized character to date, and the most genuinely independent woman in any American film within recent memory.

Erica's reaction to her husband's adultery is neither sentimentalized nor schematized. His admission of infidelity creates a *frisson* that reverberates throughout the film. Mazursky unsparingly records this intrusion of chaos into a placid stroll, his camera leisurely following the couple as they walk down the street, then veering sharply to the right when Martin breaks down. Michael Murphy's enactment of a man who has lost all control is harrowing to watch, but even more disturbing is his wife's response. After hurling every conceivable epithet at him, she strides away from his anguished figure cowering against the corner of a building, stopping to vomit only when she has placed sufficient distance between them.

Mazursky views Erica's irrational hatred of Martin, and her irksome behavior toward everyone during the period following her separation, with his customary mixture of humour and compassion, tacitly accepting her petulance as a rite of passage she must undergo. When she complains of loneliness to her doctor, he asks her out, a friendly gesture she interprets as a pass, thus confining herself in the role of sex object she ostensibly deplores. Reacting with equal hysteria to a blind date's aggressiveness, and her daughter's petting with a boy friend, Erica seeks out a psychiatrist (an amazing performance by a real-life professional, Penelope Russianoff). And it is in their encounters, delicately poised between controlled hysteria and outbursts of grief, that Erica's journey toward self-reliance begins.

Erica is Mazursky's most maturely realized character to date, and the most genuinely independent woman in any American film within recent memory.

Up to this point, *An Unmarried Woman* is almost perfect, including Erica's first sexual experience since her divorce, with a womanizing artist (Cliff Gorman). Mazursky's magnanimity toward both sexes throughout the film is remarkable, a generosity that not only respects and accepts both Gorman and Clayburgh's feelings, but prodigiously accomodates as well the more divergent emotions underlying the relationship between Clayburgh and Michael Murphy.

With the introduction of Alan Bates's Saul, the film goes awry. A successful artist, divorced with children and a summer house in the country, Saul meets Erica during preparations for his show in the gallery where she works. Their romance begins promisingly, each of them approaching involvement warily, obliquely. Once an emotional commitment is made, however, Mazursky lets his strong sentimental streak obscure his judgment and engulf the film. There are too many shots of Erica and Saul dancing late at night in his loft, walking together down deserted Soho streets, sharing breakfast the morning after, and having long talks about relationships and commitment. These scenes are slackly written, go nowhere and eventually become redundant. I wish also that Mazursky had resisted externalizing Erica's romantic fulfillment through a celebratory skate around the Rockefeller ice rink, accompanied by Bill Conti's euphoric imitation of his score from *Rocky,* a movie this sequence uncomfortably recalls by resorting to audience-nudging clichés.

Part of the problem Mazursky has explicating Erica's dilemma during the final quarter of the film, may lie in his very maleness. His intuitive grasp of the female psyche never falters during the divorce, adjustment period, therapeutic sessions or initial dates; but when the possibility of love rears its head, Mazursky doesn't know how to handle it. He lets the film take itself too seriously here; indeed, throughout *An Unmarried Woman,* Mazursky seems to be getting farther and farther away from the pungent social satire that successfully sustained *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice, Blume in Love* and *Harry and Tonto* (1974). His love for the sharp anecdote, the picaresque detail has no outlet in this movie, and one regrets the repression of this major element of his talent.

What does not falter in *An Unmarried Woman* is Mazursky's excellence with actors. The room he allows actors through long takes, and their freedom to improvise within his scripted framework, create the spontaneity that infuses his films. It is some measure of Mazursky's ability that Jill Clayburgh's relentless idiosyncrasy, her too-cheerful kookiness do not detract from the film's intrinsic merit. Clayburgh seldom hits a false note in the pivotal role; she's a good actress, but I find her quality intimidating, off-putting and highly resistible. Alan Bates, Michael Murphy, Cliff Gorman, and Kelly Bishop as one of Erica's love-soured girlfriends, all give performances of extraordinary range and depth. Most astonishing of all is young Lisa Lucas, whose efforts to bridge adolescence and maturity are exacerbated by her parents' divorce. Like all of Mazursky's characters, she is both perpetually suspended between two modes of existence, and the beneficiary of this gifted writer-director's generosity and compassion.

George Morris

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND

Directed by Allan King

An Astral Films release. Producer / Director: Allan King. Executive producer: Pierre Lamy. Screenplay and Associate Director: Patricia Watson. Director of Photography: Richard Leiterman. Music: Eldon Rathburn. Editor: Arle Saare. Cast: Gordon Pinsent, Chapelle Jaffe, Jose Ferrer, Brian Painchaud, Douglas Junor.

With the release in 1977 of *Why Shoot the Teacher* and *Who Has Seen the Wind*, our Canadian West was well represented last year and this not only with reasonably distinguished films but with reasonably interesting questions as well. Both films, both set in the Prairies in the Thirties, depict stages in the process of youth growing up: in *Teacher*, an adolescent maturing into manhood; in *Who Has Seen the Wind*, a young boy struggling towards consciousness. In order to achieve his end, Brian O'Connel (Brian Painchaud), the emerging consciousness of *Wind*, must engage in reconciling the world of absolute sensation with his first hazy glimmerings of conscious thought. *Who Has Seen the Wind*'s interrogative title is reflected throughout the structure of the film as Brian's development follows a progression of action-question-reflection. Brian develops by confronting death, first of a kitten, then of a gopher, finally of his father (Gordon Pinsent). Death, he learns, is part of the cycle of life, and nature is the ultimate arbiter of all. You can't have life without death, his father tells Brian at one point. The fact of death enforces on Brian an awareness of the value, the mystery, the sacredness of life. There is a religious aspect to the film—religious in the secular sense of the striving of the human spirit for communion with a force outside of and greater than itself—as there is in the novel, but W.O. Mitchell's novel, upon which the film is based, is considerably more successful than the film in this respect.

Until the release of the film I had never troubled to read Mitchell's book. When a cover blurb describes its contents as the "ageless story of childhood told with tenderness and humour and without sentimentality," it is usually a fairly safe bet to assume that those selfsame contents will ooze enough sentimentality to scare off all but the most hardened Pollyannas. This cover, however, despite its deathless blurbese, turned out to be surprisingly accurate. *Who Has Seen the Wind* is one of those books that seems to have obtained virtually a supra-literary dimension; such books are read by one and all, aged and young alike, revered by their devotees, and respected by their critics, generation upon generation, until they assume almost the stature of Holy Writ for a particular audience. Given the quality of the novel, as well as its wide and devoted readership, it comes as rather a disappointment to see how indifferently the movie has treated its source material. The movie has ignored all that is best in the novel, and without having added any improvements as compensation.

Perhaps the greatest loss in transcribing the book onto film was the loss of wonder, Brian's perpetual wonder, the open reverence with which he greets all things of man and nature. Still, when all is said, the film does manage to gather in isolated episodes an impressive power, a feeling for Life—one wants to capitalize the word as an abstraction—even while inadequately dramatizing actual details of living, so that one tends to look charitably on its manifold failings. Manifold the failings are, however,

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TO COMPLETE THE
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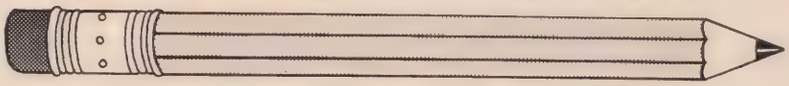

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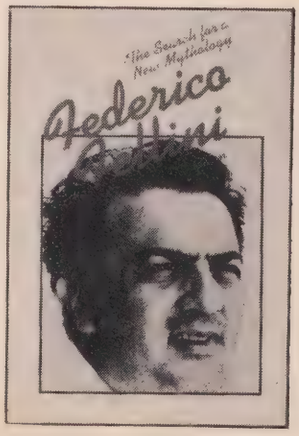

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and should not be ignored entirely. They range from the comparatively minor: for example, the Young Ben (Doug Junor) is made to walk with a bent-head, cast-down-eyes, beleaguered slouch, indicative of surrender to the forces that cage him. He is beleaguered, but he is also independent, defiant, and proud, and his walk should show these characteristics. All hunched over the Young Ben looks like a schlep, which should hardly be the appearance of one of the movie's positive moral poles. Mitchell probably thought this detail was important, too. One of the first facts he provides about the Young Ben is that "his walk was smooth."

To the major: the intended patterns of the film are clear enough, but are infrequently realized. The forces of the Prairie are arrayed against the forces of the town, with the extremes of each being embodied in the persons of the Ben (José Ferrer) and Saint Sammy of the Prairie, and Reverend Powelly and Mrs. Abercrombie of the town; wild and natural forces versus cruel and vindictive, though civilized, forces, respectively. Nearer the centre lie the Young Ben, the true child of nature, and Jim Digby, who is kindly and righteous, accepting of the mysterious and unknown but striving to know and understand in any case. At the still centre is Brian, reconciling the oppositions represented at their best by the Young Ben and Digby. The pattern has a few more complications, but it is basically

Brian Painchaud in Wind. *An awareness of the value, the mystery, the sacredness of life.*

that, crude though it may be and without a soupçon of subtlety.

The trouble is, when the extremes are vanquished as effortlessly as they are, one wonders what all the fuss has been about. Any conflict that has arisen was evidently due not to the strength of the opposing forces but to the weakness of everyone else. And weak characters seldom provide the worthiest role models for a developing consciousness.

In accordance with its questioning nature, the film forces the viewer to keep asking himself questions long after he has left the theatre. Unfortunately, the questions the viewer is left with are not the loftiest sort, and answering them is only an attempt to tie up annoying loose ends. We have examples:

Who Has Seen the Wind is a tale about a young boy's education. Yet from the start of the film to the end, Brian's school class continues to read the same trite story about an acorn. How much of the school term has in fact elapsed? Is this a typical Prairie education?

What finally happens between Miss Thompson and Mr. Digby?

Was Saint Sammy going to set his Clydes free following the wind storm?

Why do we always see Mrs. Abercrombie with Reverend Powelly? Where is Mr. Abercrombie? Are the Mrs. and the Rev. having an affair? Is religion to be construed in this instance as sublimated sex?

Why is Ab so upset about Brian's cursing?

Who has seen the wind?

Gary J. McCallum

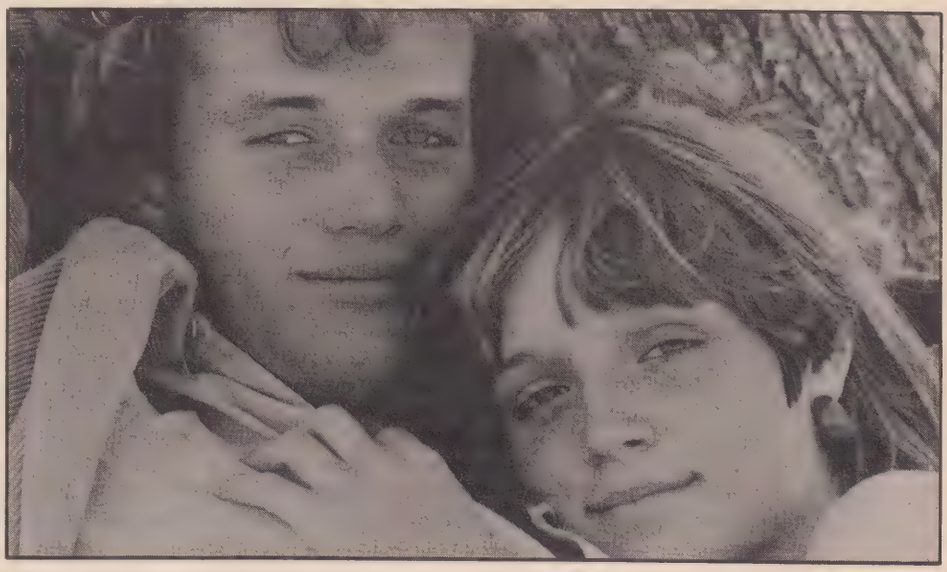
Gary McCallum is a Toronto freelance writer.

BLOOD RELATIVES

Directed by Claude Chabrol

A Filmel, Cinévideo, Classic Film, produced by Eugène Lepicier, Denis Héroux, and Julian Melzack. Directed by Claude Chabrol. Script by Chabrol and Sydney Banks, from the novel by Ed McBain. Cast: Donald Sutherland, Lisa Langlois, Laurent Malet, Micheline Lanctot, Aude Landry, Stéphane Audran, Donald Pleasence, David Hemmings.

Just after he had completed *Alice, ou la dernière fuge* last year, I asked Claude Chabrol if his new interest in the fantastic, which had begun with *Les Magiciens,* meant that his corrosive tales of the bourgeoisie were finished. He replied: "Just about, though I still have a couple of ideas in mind along that line. I would like to make a film about two college friends who meet after thirty years or so. They hated each other in college, but now they throw themselves into each other's arms. That idea pleases me a lot. And I would like to make a film about a cop in charge of an investigation who comes to realize that the criminal situation is a mirror image of his own personal life. That idea is perfect for me." Now finishing post-production work on *Violette,* based on France's real-life "Lizzy Borden" of the Thirties, Chabrol



Lisa Langlois and Laurent Malet. Sexual ambiguity and morality's greyer shades.

has evidently postponed his reunion of college buddies. The cop story, however, has become his newly released *Blood Relatives.* He was right that the idea was perfect for him. Not only is the film dazzling in itself, but it is the first real success he has had at the Paris box-offices since *Les Noces Rouges* five years ago. It has also received a fair number of good, or at least "mixed" reviews "tilted" in Chabrol's favor, which in itself is rather astounding, for he is usually treated

disgracefully by the French. His colleagues speak of him condescendingly with good-natured contempt (a favor he returns with *méchant* wit). While they acknowledge his technical mastery, the critics tend to decry the "waste of his talent" on supposedly unworthy material. Those critics who bothered reviewing it at all, for example, dismissed *Les Magiciens* as mere propaganda for Tunisian tourism — ignoring or missing entirely his devastating satire of such tourism and the horrors of that sort of exploitation in Tunisian life. Conservative critics detest Chabrol's films because they depict an Establishment not only corrupt but (what is even worse for the Gallic ego) bumblingly comic. The Left detests him because they confuse him with his bourgeois characters. Accusing him of not being *engagé*, evidently they have not yet forgiven him the satiric thrusts of *Nada*. Thus, few French *see* the films at all clearly, if they bother to see them at all, a fact most recently demonstrated in *Libération*'s review of *Blood Relatives*, in which the critic sputtered over Chabrol's supposed bourgeois mentality for a bit and then went on to recount the plot of the film, about which he was wrong in every detail, including the director's "misuse" of Paris settings — the film was shot on the streets of Montréal.

Based on the police procedural novel by Ed McBain — one of those "little thrillers" Chabrol is so fond of adapting — *Blood Relatives*' "whodunnit," detective-fiction aspects have been reduced to a minimum in order to focus our attention on relationships and parallels between the major characters. One stormy night, a girl is stabbed to death after possibly being sexually assaulted; her cousin runs bleeding through the streets to a police station for help. From then on, Inspector Carella (Donald Sutherland) must sift through the evidence contained in various conflicting versions of the murder. In the course of his investigation we are made privy to the family relationships between the two girls, the parents, and a brother / cousin — relationships which mirror obscurely and disturbingly the inspector's own private life. The crime, for example, may have been committed by an older man sexually obsessed by younger girls, an idea evidently so repulsive to Carella that he is led more than once to wax righteously indignant over it. Yet Chabrol wickedly undercuts the inspector's position as a moral spokesman by hinting at a sexually ambiguous relationship between the inspector and his own daughter. Further, the very idea of "innocent" girls being "preyed" upon by "degenerate molesters" is equally put into question several times during the film when such "innocence" is demonstrated to be more assumed than real. Morality's greyer shades emerge once more when Carella consoles a girl who has betrayed her brother to the police by asserting that he too would set the law above personal loyalties.

Chabrol combines these typical concerns with an absolute mastery of cinema. His tracking shots through the garbage-glutted, rain-soaked streets of Montréal at night, for example, are in themselves worth seeing the film for. It would appear, however, that Chabrol was forced for commercial reasons to trim a good deal from his version of the film. At its current 115 minutes, the film's length seems the limit of what exhibitors and distributors will accept in order to programme enough screenings each night and still allow for the hawking of popcorn. If post-production gossip means anything, additional material included sequences concerning Carella's home life in order to point up even more strongly Chabrol's parallelism. The end titles of the film also list characters and actors who do not appear in the film as shown. One of them, Paul Gaddis (John King), is mentioned a number of times throughout the film (as a friend who had given a party on the night of the murder); he and his grandmother (Jean Labelle) — who does not appear either — originally provided yet another parallel to the main theme of relationships — "blood" and otherwise. Nonetheless, very little of this excised material is actually missed during the film; a tribute, doubtless, to Chabrol's skill as an editor. Whatever validity there is in the critical charges that Chabrol has not gone quite far or deep enough, however — contenting himself to rather remain on the suggestive surface of things — may find its source in the dictates of commercial distribution rather than in the vision of the director.

While Chabrol has said that the previous films he has made in English (*Le Scandale / Champagne Murders* and *The Twist / Folies Bourgeoises*) were "complete disasters," *Blood Relatives* has broken the jinx. Although he was working in a language he has not yet mastered entirely, Chabrol obviously felt very much at ease, perhaps because of the locations in bi-lingual Montréal. The script he and Sydney Banks fashioned from the McBain book sounds authentic anyway. He is also well served by his actors. Aside from Stéphane Audran, who is not as well-dubbed into English as she might have been, the rest do very well indeed, especially Laurent Malet as the brother / cousin who learned English just in time to step before the cameras. Malet has been making something of a splash in Paris of late (he is also starred in Gilles Behat's *Haro!*), and with the Spring release of Joseph Losey's *Les Routes du Sud* will doubtless be that much closer to stardom. His is a well-modulated performance in a role that might quickly have become an exercise in the cute and pouty. The center of the film is Donald Sutherland's inspector, who begins with smug confidence and is slowly brought to question his views of established morality. It is his best and most deceptively quiet performance since his similar role in *Klute*.

David Overbey

David Overbey is a Paris-based writer and critic.

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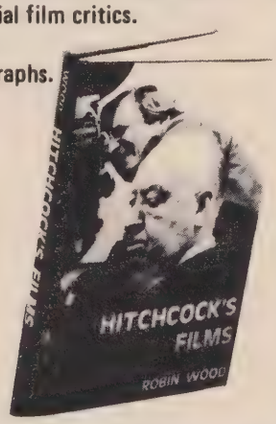

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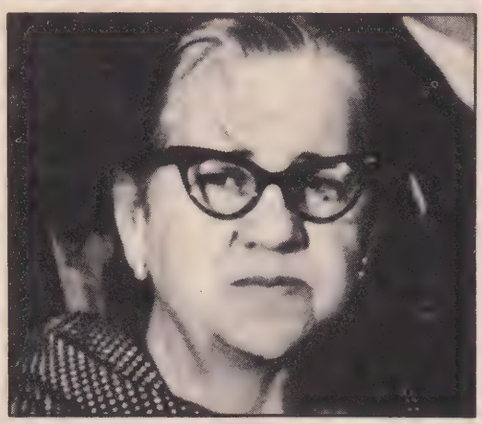


By Mitch Tuchman

There are for purchase in Massachusetts John F. Kennedy coin banks with a slot in the back of the head. Why the back of the head? The Warren Commission says so. There are for sale in Texas postcards meticulously delineating the trajectories of three bullets from a sixth floor, corner window clearly marked "sniper's perch." The reason is the same. Reconciling history and art can be so simple, almost like having official art. Why do an easy thing the hard way?

CBS's recently broadcast "Ruby and Oswald" is a case in point, never deviating from the government's official version of the Dallas events. So simple.

"The Trial of Lee Harvey Oswald," broadcast by ABC last Fall, though largely based on the same Report, was part of another school of assassination movies—nettling films like *Rush to Judgment* and *Executive Action* that challenged the government's conclusions, usually by reinterpreting the government's evidence in light of one or several conspiracy theories. The ABC show touched base with pro- and anti-Castro Cubans, the CIA, the Mafia, Texas conservatives, and a White House cover-up. Viewers were urged to vote a verdict in the Oswald case. The results were divulged on "Good Morning America" soon afterward. Of 52,593 who voted, 83 per cent judged Oswald guilty. Of those, 70 per cent said, "guilty as part of a conspiracy." Not many people had watched, but ABC's "The Trial of Lee Harvey Oswald" did address itself to art's aspiration mistrustfully to perceive.

CBS's "Ruby and Oswald," which was to have been the film "of record" in the Kennedy case, was an anti-anti-Warren Commission show calculated, according to producer Paul Freeman, "to dispel the myths of 14 years"—an ingenuous aspiration if the Commission's Report itself embodies myths. Ultimately the film projected the hypothesis most theorists renounce and most Americans had long since ceased to believe: that a "nobody" working by himself could kill a President of the United States. Madness if the conclusion.

Given the devastating tragedy and tantalizing mystery of the Kennedy affair, the resources of a television network long in the business of exploiting, if not solving, the case,* the cooperation of most of the Ruby family, and the services of Mel Stuart, the director with the greatest number of Kennedy film credits, why ever did "Ruby and Oswald" fail so abjectly?

It failed, because it was doomed to fail as part of a veritable genre of Kennedy Death Art—a long, sad line of films, hobbled from the outside by suppression and persistent audience disinterest and from the inside by inescapable aesthetic paradoxes and limitations.

Several dozen memorials and whodunits comprise Kennedy Death Art—a shower of sequels and a flood of mutual scorn, the original, amateur, motorcade footage endlessly reassembled by bickering true believers. For instance, anticipating fancies, not facts, from "The Trial of Lee Harvey Oswald" before it was broadcast, "Ruby and Oswald" producer Stuart cursed ABC's supervising producer, "May God punish you for your sins, Larry Schiller!" Schiller's associates in turn blasted independent, low-budget-film director Larry Buchanan's 1964 feature, also entitled *The Trial of Lee Harvey Oswald,* as "cheap exploitation" —though none had seen it. (In 1963, presumably by coincidence, Buchanan, then a Texas resident, directed *Naughty Dallas,* also known as *Mondo Exotica,* on location in Jack Ruby's Carousel Club.) Emile de Antonio, director of *Rush to Judgment,* for his part calls Stuart's earlier Kennedy works, *The Making of the President 1960, Four Days in November,* and *A Thousand Days,* "tacky" and the USIA's *JFK: Years of Lightning, Day of Drums,* produced by George Stevens, Jr., now head of the American Film Institute, "the real asshole piece."

The murders of John F. Kennedy and Lee Harvey Oswald might have made good movies had they not been such good movies to begin with. The best-known shot in television history killed Oswald. The ever-popular Zapruder film has been used both to prove and disprove his guilt. Imagination gives way to indelible imagery: other angles become unimaginable. Those frames do not merely depict events, they profoundly complicate the accommodation of history and art. Given these constraints, the major strategies of Kennedy Death Art have always been collage and reenactment.

The collage filmmaker, assembling stock footage, faces the lack of coverage of Oswald and Ruby (and conspirators, if any), especially a shot from the sixth floor, corner window of the Book Depository Building. The docu-dramatist, reenacting events, conversely faces the problem of integrating Kennedy stock shots with Hollywood actors. (The same is true, of course, for the somewhat smaller Robert Kennedy assassination genre.)

Collage is the art where one and one make "that third thing that wasn't there before," de Antonio claims. From collage came the first attempts to deal with the significance of the deaths, *Four Days in November, Rush to Judgment,* and the only masterpiece of Kennedy Death Art, Bruce Conner's short film, *Report.*

Conner began work on *Report* in 1963. NBC and CBS refused him footage without "script approval." An 8mm

*"*Ruby and Oswald" was part four of CBS' 14-year coverage of the murders of John F. Kennedy and Lee Harvey Oswald. Its predecessors, all from CBS News, were "November 22 and the Warren Report" (1964), "The Warren Report" (1967), and "The American Assassins" (1975).*

Accommodating history and art can be so simple, almost like having official art.

film distributor's annual "News Parade" became unwittingly Conner's source for the arrival at Love Field, the motorcade, the weapon held aloft by Dallas Police, Parkland Hospital, the casket lowered from Air Force One, the caisson—images repeated thoughout the genre. Conner discovered in his typical, grim foolishness (*A Movie* and *Cosmic Ray,* for instance) the significance of his found materials. "TV was doing what happens in *Report,* showing the most popular images over and over again, ritually, building the myth."

Report is in two parts, both exaggerations of the manner in which the networks presented these now familiar images. In its first eight minutes, the motorcade inches forward, barely straining through a stroboscopic flicker and superimposed focusing leader marked "Head" and "Finish." "[The viewer] looks away from the screen and listens" to the continuously reiterated announcement of the President's death. Conner has concentrated the solemnity by removing television's customary interruptions.

"Whatever information and phenomena you put with the Kennedy material," he learned while editing, "works." The last five minutes of *Report* restore, and, in fact, double or triple the interruptions in a cascade of puns—many "borrowed" from commercials—extracting laughter from embarrassed viewers. *Report* ends with a closeup of a business machine button marked "Sell." As a myth the dead Kennedy had value for TV: the networks were banking on that as recently as this season.

Dan Rather went on the air, claiming to describe what he had seen: the President's head moving forward with considerable force at the last gunshot. In fact, the Zapruder film shows the opposite: the President's head thrown backward.

Conner completed *Report* in one year, then seven other versions (most existing only in single prints, now lost) in three more years. The final version was finished in 1967.

His *Television Assassination,* made at the same time and also in only one print, was filmed from a TV screen. It slows the Oswald killing down to 15 minutes and is repeated in a loop six times, projected onto a TV screen Conner has painted white.

Like Conner, de Antonio, making *Rush to Judgment,* found in the act of collage his perspective on events. Instead of 8mm Kennedy footage, he assembled televized Oswald newsfilm. Eschewing the seamless editing of a network, investigative report, he showed the seams and welts of his editing, challenging his viewers to disbelieve what the montage implied. He pasted shots in an order, establishing the point—inadvertently rediscovered on "Good Morning, America"—that it was television that found Oswald guilty. That order, wholly fabricated, he insists, has since been adopted by unwary filmmakers, who assume it to be historically accurate.

De Antonio's collage stood in the place of the legal brief which Mark Lane, originally hired by Oswald's mother to defend her son, had prepared but never presented. It juxtaposed the government's conclusions and Lane's refutations. But while Lane's evidence is frequently compelling, his own conclusions are not, because his reasoning is inductive, while film is empirical. That middle step, the forming of hypotheses deductively, which film can accomplish, is missing.

Lane's most recent film, *Two Men in Dallas,* made on his own without de Antonio but "in the manner of" de Antonio, once more conceals the seams, splicing into a video-taped interview with former Dallas deputy sheriff Roger Craig (a dissenter from the Commission's Report) Lane's material and illogic—zithers and bongos where the gunshots go, sentiment, outright error, and stock footage. It is evident Lane never comprehended what de Antonio was doing. Where the latter calls everything into question, leaving the audience to sort the credible from the incredible, Lane attempts to preserve Craig's credibility at any cost, because he agrees with him.

Collage is a hard art, and in film it has no audience. Reenactment, which can be made to look more like conventional films, is the alternative. Lane and Donald Freed began promoting their own reenactment project, *Executive Action,* hoping to gain the large audience *Rush to Judgment* never got. Eventually Dalton Trumbo did the rewrite and, Lane complains, "weakened it very strongly." For one-and-a-half endless hours dramatically indistinguishable characters explain the story to each other. *The Lincoln Conspiracy*, a recent metaphor for the Kennedy case, suffers similarly.

The "promotional" photo for *Executive Action,* now the most common in the genre, is a view from the sixth floor, corner window of the Book Depository Building framed within a rifle scope. *The Private Files of J. Edgar Hoover,* written, produced, and directed by Larry Cohen (due for release by American International Pictures this summer) has the temerity to offer Kennedy's fateful, low-angle point of view up to the

Collage: one and one make "that third thing that wasn't there before."

window, and ABC's "The Trial of Lee Harvey Oswald," a film beyond grim, features a dummy's head split open, a vital blob of cotton batting plopping out.

Mel Stuart has faced the problems of the collage filmmaker and the reenactor and has dodged both. Where Conner's *Report* at its most profound is about a kind of collage of unrelated materials we see and take for granted daily, Stuart's *Four Days in November,* the principal training film for "Ruby and Oswald," seems only to be about procuring stock shots. In *Four Days in November,* produced by David Wolper for United Artists theatrical release in 1964, Stuart compiles the available details, the significant and the superficial, simply because they exist. A tendentious commentary teeters between silly conjectures ("[Oswald] had found through Karl Marx a focus for his hate") and moot speculation ("[Dirksen and Mansfield] stare in blank dismay"). When stock footage runs out, reenactments purport to show events from Oswald's furtive point of view or Ruby's wavering glare. An approach to Oswald's rooming house in Dallas is a combination of hand-held instability, rock-steady pan of the exterior, and a zoom. Human eyes cannot zoom. The show won an Oscar.

"I know that Lee Harvey Oswald killed the President," Stuart maintains. "I do not know whether he acted because somebody called him at 4 o'clock in the morning. I won't go that far. Until somebody proves differently, I take it for a fact that he was a nut like Sirhan Sirhan or Arthur Bremer or the guy who shot McKinley."

CBS has been equally open-minded in its treatment over the years, which calls to mind Carl Bernstein's assertion (in *Rolling Stone*) that CBS is the CIA's favorite network. On the evening of November 22, 1963, the FBI already had a copy of Abraham Zapruder's film of the fatal attack on Kennedy. A month earlier the FBI had used the facilities of Dallas CBS' affiliate, KRLD, to analyze frame by frame film of a spitting attack on Adlai Stevenson. Now they took the Zapruder film there. Dan Rather, covering the assassination for the network news department, saw it. He badly wanted to broadcast it, attests Penn Jones, Jr., then editor of the Midlothian Texas *Mirror,* but CBS demurred. Instead Rather went on the air, claiming to describe what he had seen: the President's head moving forward with considerable force at the last gunshot (suggesting a shot from behind). In fact, the Zapruder film shows the opposite: the President's head thrown backward. Jones, a critic of the Warren Commission and of the press coverage of the tragedy, has synchronized Rather's tape-recorded commentary with Zapruder's film and released the result as *The Dan Rather Film.* "If Rather was mistaken," says Jones wryly, "he should have corrected it by now."

"What we saw, in essence, was a whole series of events where eye witnesses, interviewed by CBS, were making statements which were completely contrary to what CBS put on the air."

The day of the release of the Warren Commission's Report, CBS News was ready with what de Antonio calls "the complete whitewash and loving support of CBS." (Rather, as commentator on that show, called "November 22 and The Warren Report," never mentioned the Zapruder film, and the only reenactment in Dealey Plaza included in the program was filmed from the Book Depository Building.)

"CBS, having made a coup by selling me all the old McCarthy junk [for *Point of Order*] for $50,000 up front," de Antonio affirms, "the then chief librarian at CBS called me and offered me all the out-takes [of the Warren Report show]." De Antonio and Lane watched reels on a moviola. "There was footage of the second Oswald (a still-mysterious impostor) at the shooting gallery and the last interview with the cabdriver who allegedly took Oswald to Irving, Texas after the shooting: 50 hours of out-takes, which looked like they demolished CBS' case."

"De Antonio and I were astonished by what we saw," Lane recalls, "What we saw, in essence, was a whole series of events where eye witnesses, interviewed by CBS, were making statements which were completely contrary to what CBS put on the air. An example would be: 'You were in Dealey Plaza?'

"'Yes, I was.'

"'Where do you think the shots came from?'

"'I thought they came from behind the wooden fence...'

"'Cut. Take two.' (Same interview.) 'Where do you think the shots came from?'

"'From the Book Depository Building, but I also thought that I heard some shots coming from the wooden fence...'

"'Cut.'

"There might be three or four takes in which the person was saying clearly that shots came from some place other than the Book Depository Building."

What went on the air was: "Was there any doubt in your mind about the direction from which the shots came?"

"No sir, there wasn't," came the reply, indicating the rear of the motorcade.

Lane continues, "It was just that raw and not only in terms of the origin of the shots. Obviously de Antonio and I were astonished by what we saw, and we ordered a lot of it."

The next day the librarian called de Antonio in a tizzy and cancelled. Then, de Antonio states, CBS News' David Klinger phoned to say the network never sells out-takes (which is, in fact, standard); that these out-takes, furthermore, were to be destroyed (which certainly is not standard.) (In a recent telephone conversation, Marcia Stein, a publicist for CBS News, insisted the out-takes were stored, not destroyed.)

The suspension of disbelief is TV's role in history. *Rush to Judgment* reveals the effect of a show like CBS'. A *Rush to Judgment* interview with an eye witness goes: Where did you think the shots came from?

Behind the wooden fence.

Where do you now think they came from?

The Book Depository Building.

Why do you think that?

Because the government and newspapers say so.

CBS—this is the network to which

Did *shots come from behind the fence?*

producer Paul Freeman and director Mel Stuart submitted their show last September. It might have been broadcast even before the ABC show—there was fierce competition—but for the work required to comply with the network's insistence that the Kennedy stock footage be re-edited. The filmmakers' original conception called for simply cutting the re-enacted Ruby and Oswald material together with the Kennedy material as if this were a film entitled "Ruby and Oswald and Kennedy." The network demanded rather that the stock footage be framed within jellied, little matte shots of television sets with characters watching them.

Most of that famous motorcade material was filmed by amateurs, not TV cameramen. Framing the footage within television sets fosters one of TV's favorite myths, that it brings you everything. Where *Rush to Judgment* exposed the network's disregard for truth, "Ruby and Oswald" exposed their greed.

Once completed in the required manner, it took a long, long time to get "Ruby and Oswald" on the air. Possibly CBS hesitated because of the poor reception ABC's show got; Freeman acknowledges the possibility, the network will not confirm it.

At that, Oswald is never shown armed at the window, and the assassination is passed off in two brief, stock shots as an incidental detail. With a camera trick Stuart enlarges the moment when his title characters meet, but it is not large enough to conceal the fact that history, for all its drama, has no plot.

Lane estimates two dozen people over the years have inquired of him how to make Kennedy Death Art. Among the films never made were "Countdown at Dallas"—the footage was lost in a bankruptcy proceeding; yet another "The Trial of Lee Harvey Oswald"—from the ashes of the "Countdown" project; a screen version of the play, "Jack Ruby: All-American Boy;" and an untitled project to have been filmed entirely inside the Book Depository Building and produced by Dallas millionaire Caruth C. Byrd, who allegedly told his scenarist, "I own the original location."

In addition to *The Dan Rather Film,* Penn Jones, Jr. distributes the Zapruder film "plain," "which Jim Garrison let us steal in the first place." (Wes Wise, a KRLD reporter then later mayor of Dallas, reckons alternatively that bootleg prints became available even earlier—the very night of the first FBI screening.) Jones' film catalogue once included *President Kennedy's Final Hour,* a compilation of 8mm films shot by Dallas Cinema, a club whose members were stationed along the motorcade route. Their images are now among the most famous in film history. Jones bought copies for $18 and sold them to libraries and collectors for $25. "I wish I had those prints now. I could be getting $100."

Meanwhile Robert Groden, a film technician in New Jersey, has produced a remarkable "clear copy" of the shaky Zapruder film, which he has shown on TV. In the foreground of frame 413, partially obscured by a tree on the grassy knoll, Groden sees crouching the person who killed Kennedy. When that person endorses his residual, we'll all see him.

***Mitch Tuchman** is a Los Angeles freelance writer.*

A RESPONSE FROM CBS NEWS

Readers, beware. The Tuchman article contains many distortions, half-truth, untruths and outright lies. It may not be Tuchman's fault. He should be given the benefit of the doubt; perhaps he doesn't know. Many skillful people try to mislead reporters on this subject.

One example, but by no means the only one: Penn Jones's yarn about the FBI, the Zapruder film and the Dallas television station. For anyone who knows the facts, this is—at one and the same time—amusing and sad. Amusing because as an alleged investigative report it owes much to the early work of the Marx Brothers. Sad because it is the kind of carefully crafted falsehood that, if repeated often enough, may be believed.

If the CIA, FBI, the Cubans, the Soviets, the Mafia or anyone else wanted to spread misinformation and confusion about the Kennedy assassination case, they could not have more effective agents than Mr. Jones, Mark Lane and some of the other people mentioned in the article.

For any serious-minded student of the case, the best primers remain the writings of Edward Jay Epstein and the two series of documentaries done by CBS News. Neither of these sources represents mistake-free work. Both do represent the kind of work that must be done if important unanswered questions about the Kennedy assassination are ever to be resolved.

Ellen Erlich
Director of Information Services
CBS News

The author replies:

Your rhetoric does not merit parody, but if the forces of McCarthyism wanted to spread misinformation and confusion . . . they could not have a more effective agent than you. What are those half-truths, untruths and outright lies?

Mitch Tuchman

A POSTSCRIPT FROM EMILE de ANTONIO

May I quote myself? The history of our time is the television out-take. If CBS did destroy the 50-70 hours of out-takes from its Warren Report-JFK assassination programs, they were destroyed because they revealed facts, opinions and methods that had to be concealed. The mailroom boy would know that much. Even William Paley knew it. This wasn't New York Yankee spring training film to pad an April newsday. It was the most important evidence in the history of the medium.

CBS told me the footage was destroyed. CBS told Mitch Tuchman—and much more recently—that the footage wasn't destroyed. Good! I want to see more than the six hours I saw over ten years ago. Those six hours clearly exposed flaws and omissions in both the Warren Report and the actual CBS broadcasts. This is not a constitutional issue; there is no government threat; the First Amendment is not involved. It is not a private affair, either. CBS, ABC, NBC constitute a monopoly of electronic news and history. I challenge CBS to allow journalists and assassination experts to study those out-takes: complete, uncut, undoctored. Let us see it now and hear it now.

TRUMBULL THE MAGICIAN

Douglas Trumbull, the wizard behind the Close Encounters *special effects: His Super 70 process could revolutionize the movies.*

By Scott Eyman

Spend some time talking with Douglas Trumbull, note the atmosphere at his studio, look at the kinds of films he creates, and you come to one inescapable conclusion: this man has no business working in Hollywood.

Oh, there's no question of his talent; as a mechanical visionary, Trumbull is either a genius or will do until the real thing comes along. But there are abiding behavioural imperatives for a creative talent in Hollywood that really should be followed. Arrogance is optional, standoffishness is preferred, but lust, whether for money, success or ego gratification is positively *de rigeur.* Douglas Trumbull, however, is modest, homespun, thoroughly unassertive and, unlike many 35-year-olds in Hollywood, doesn't even wear a coke spoon around his neck. Clearly, some geographical fine-tuning remains to be done.

Past the attitudes and ambience, there are the films—not many, but each one a considerable contribution to both movie technology and movie aesthetics: *2001—A Space Odyssey, Silent Running* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (*The Andromeda Strain* can legitimately be overlooked, as Trumbull's technical contribution and creative input were minimal.) The films, occasionally flashy and funny, are basically thematically serious and always, always, breathtakingly engineered. Each film Trumbull

makes redefines the state of the art of special effects, as a *Close Encounters* makes *Star Wars* look like the good-natured noodling with airplane models that it essentially is. It is, however, Trumbull's special glory that the tail of his special effects never wags the dog of the film as a whole, as with the brilliant Ray Harryhausen and his immaculately-crafted but regrettably banal kids' movies. Although two of the three films that Trumbull has actively participated in were directed by other men—promising newcomers named Kubrick and Spielberg—all three films share the intense sense of wonder that only a true idealist could inspire and implement, a sort of semi-religious aura of awe that coexists with each picture's very different content.

As an artist, then, Trumbull is the latest in a long line of magicians like Lang and Menzies, an honorable tradition spawned by the enchanting primitives of Georges Méliès. Medium-sized, with a Brigham Young beard, Trumbull has reached a critical point in what he would be amused to hear referred to as his career. Not content to merely rely on the devoutly-wished-for success of *Close Encounters* to give him the clout he needed to make his own films, he started his own film company, called Future General (backed by Paramount Pictures), and invented his very own film process. Called Super 70, the process involves 70mm stereo film photographed and projected at 64 frames per second as opposed to the normal 24. On the basis of a brief test film that Trumbull guards rather closely, Super 70 could revolutionize movies: its chief features are a total absense of grain and an extraordinary sensation of depth. One can only regret that John Ford didn't have Super 70 on one of his trips to Monument Valley, for with Super 70, a two-dimensional medium may finally achieve an optically-honest third dimension.

This surpassingly gentle man has come a long way from his job as an anonymous technician on films for the 1964 World's Fair, from which Stanley Kubrick hired him for *2001.* No matter what the future

"The effects in Close Encounters *are integrated; your eye is comparing an artificially-created event with reality in the same shot."*

holds for Douglas Trumbull personally, his luminous, detailed glimpses of man's possible futures mark him as a total filmmaker in his own right, and that is probably all that Douglas Trumbull has ever really wanted.

* * *

People always ask me what Stanley Kubrick is really like. Well, working with him is a delight and a joy and a terrific experience. He's the most decent human being you'd ever want to find, a lovely guy, great with his kids and family, very congenial and thoughtful, qualities that you rarely find in movie people. But working with Stanley was difficult at the same time. After *2001*, I made up my mind I was never gonna work for anybody again. I wanted to be my own boss, I guess, so I set up my own company and did contract work, commercials and the like. Stanley and I are still friends: we talk on the phone once in a while. And I just loved *Barry Lyndon.* As a matter of fact, I laughed a lot. *Barry Lyndon* is a very funny movie, especially if you know Stanley's sense of humour. And the film tried some interesting things, playing out in real time, some fascinating stuff that went right over everybody's head.

At any rate, working with Stanley got me the chance to do *Silent Running* at Universal. That's where I met my wife, as a matter of fact; she's a textile designer and she did the costumes for the picture.

A lot of people complain about Universal, but they were very good to me. I had total control of my movie. They never saw the dailies, they never saw a rough cut of the picture until I showed it to them, they let me make the film. Universal is a huge machine, but once they commit to a project, they'll stand back. Universal's great advantage is that they have management that's there all the time. A new production chief doesn't move in every 3 months; there's continuity.

On *Silent Running,* I had tremendous problems with the other actors, not Bruce [Dern]. They thought it was just a B grade piece of shit and they didn't put out. And I was a babe in the woods when it came to actors, so that didn't help either. After *Silent Running,* I did some work at the Actor's Studio to try and find out how actors think.

Another thing I did that was even more helpful was a men's group I got into as a sort of spinoff from a thing my wife was doing with a group of women. I guess it was a consciousness-raising thing. Anyway, I spent two years with this group, and I learned more about people and acting and myself than in all the rest of my life put together. I learned not to be intimidated; I learned that my ideas were just as valid as anybody else's; I learned not to be afraid of other people. That's the problem with working with actors, you know; they're very insecure and they try to make you insecure too.

"It's gonna be two more years before I can get into a theatre with Super 70, but when I do, it's gonna blow everybody out."

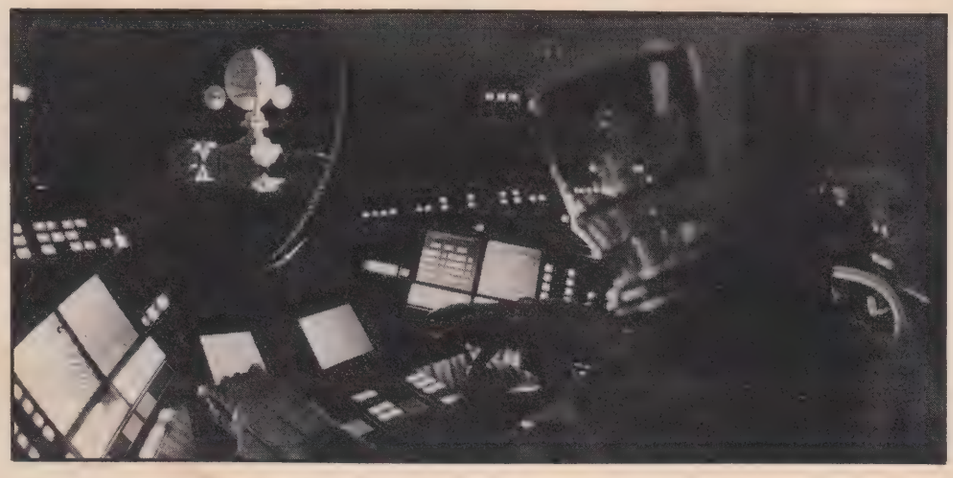
That was a smart thing; another smart thing was getting my father into the business in 1970. He's an engineer, a great one and he was getting a little bored with it. I was trying to break some ground designing new kinds of camera equipment and projectors, I needed an engineer and he was the best I could find; he's been an incredible help to me.

After *Silent Running,* I got into a lot of development deals, different studios, different scripts, different producers. This went on for three years; we were always on the edge of doing these major projects, but none of them ever happened. I got so frustrated, I really needed a paycheck, so I hustled this thing with Paramount, took myself out of circulation for two years and came up with Super 70. It's gonna be two more years before I can get into a theatre with it, but when I do, it's gonna blow everybody out. I mean, I know how to entertain people; you don't just invent a new movie process in a vacuum. Super 70 is so immediate, so intense, that people just go reeling out of the room. We might need a film with two intermissions or something. Hell, I don't even know if it's practical, but what's practical? I think that people's ability to assimilate information is tremendously high, and the reason most movies are unsuccessful is because they don't have any impact. Super 70 will.

Anyway, there were some 'almosts' along the way; I was almost associate producer on *Damnation Alley,* but it didn't work out. I almost did *Star Wars,* too, but Lucas was a little leery about working with me. There's no getting away from it, you're working with another director, and the major event in moviemaking is the interplay of egos, who's on top, who's working for who and who will perform: don't ever let anybody tell you any different.

Shortly after that, I was at Columbia working on one of my famous projects that never got made called *Hero's Journey.* It came down to a choice on Columbia's part between Steve Spielberg's *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* or my film. They chose Steve. A little later, Steve and I met and hit it off terrifically; we talk the same language and we make movies the same way. He's got a marvelous sense of what's fun about the movies, he knows what people want to see, how to activate their responses and emotions. I don't watch other people's movies, but Steve does, all the time. He's culled all the techniques for evoking fear, drama and anxiety. Personally, I operate the opposite way. I don't like to be manipulated and I don't like to manipulate. *Silent Running* was a movie that was absolutely linear, straightforward, no bullshit. Anyway, I agreed to do *Close Encounters* because it's not that overtly manipulative; by that, I mean that there's a mystery for the audience as well as for the characters.

I was on the picture in pre-production and supervised the photography all the



A view of the spaceship Discovery from inside a space pod, in 2001.

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that was spent, the big sets and how slow it was. He's used to having his own little family and shooting a film from the hip; he only did the picture to see how a big American film was made. He's a very sweet, bright little guy, but he'd get eaten alive here in this town.

Don't get the idea that *Close Encounters* was totally pleasant. As a matter of fact, there were some experiences that I hope I never have to have again in my whole life. And it's always the same things: egos and money. Now, that's the business I'm in; the more of somebody's money you're spending, the more paranoid they get about it, and the anxiety that comes down on you because you're in control of somebody else's money is just not worth it, no matter what you accomplish, and we accomplished a lot.

We devised some great stuff. Before, when you worked with effects shots, you had to lock the camera off; with a matte or optical effect, you couldn't pan or tilt or change focus. I got some electronics people together and some engineers and devised a system that would record camera movement and play it back into the camera when we shot the special effect. And it works terrifically. We've surroundings. Now, I liked *Star Wars,* mostly for its bravado. But the effects in *Star Wars* were hard-edged, clear objects against a black background, all rigid objects, all constructible. In *Close Encounters,* the effects have a soft, nebulous quality that was very difficult to achieve. We're all very proud of the picture. The effects are integrated; your eye is comparing an artificially created event with reality in the same shot, and that made it the most technologically difficult job I've ever been involved with. *2001* was easy compared to this.

I'll tell you one thing I'm going to stick to, however: *Close Encounters* is the last picture I'm doing that's not my own. If I can't get something of my own going, I'll do something else. I've given up on the big buck anyway. It's of very little value; I've seen people I like make money and turn into people I didn't like. I've seen people drop dead at the age of 42 and none of it is worth it.

I've bought this island up in northern Canada. There's no electricity, there's no phone, I'm a two-hour boat ride from anybody. I fish a little, never hunt and it's my release. I have had more gratification on my island, adding on to a cabin or whatever, than I have ever had on any movie project. To be perfectly honest, if somebody walked up to me and said "All the money you and your family will need, we'll give it to you if you burn Super 70 so that it'll never see the light of day," I'd say "Fine." Why? Because when you take a beating in this business, it's like no other kind of beating. And even the good experiences aren't that simple. You have to enjoy the actual process of making movies, because that one night stand with the audience, when they gasp with delight, that doesn't last very long and it sure doesn't make up for months or years of anguish.

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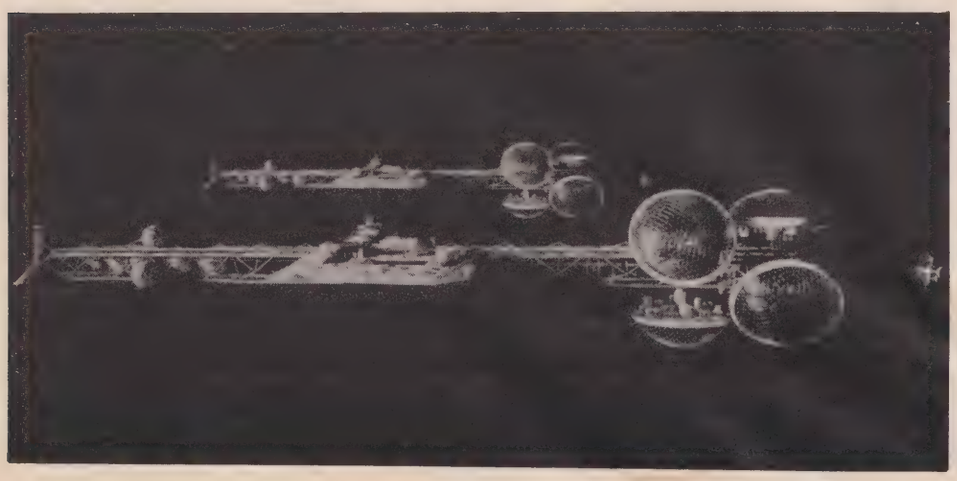

Space freighters with geodesic domes orbit the sun, in Silent Running.

Scott Eyman lives in Cleveland, and writes for The Plain Dealer, *Larry Flynt's* Ohio, *and* Take One.

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holds for Douglas Trumbull personally, his luminous, detailed glimpses of man's possible futures mark him as a total filmmaker in his own right, and that is probably all that Douglas Trumbull has ever really wanted.

* * *

People always ask me what Stanley Kubrick is really like. Well, working with him is a delight and a joy and a terrific experience. He's the most decent human being you'd ever want to find, a lovely guy, great with his kids and family, very congenial and thoughtful, qualities that you rarely find in movie people. But working with Stanley was difficult at the same time. After *2001*, I made up my mind I was never gonna work for anybody again. I wanted to be my own boss, I guess, so I set up my own company and did contract work, commercials and the like. Stanley and I are still friends: we talk on the phone once in a while. And I just loved *Barry Lyndon.* As a matter of fact, I laughed a lot. *Barry Lyndon* is a very funny movie, especially if you know Stanley's sense of humour. And the film tried some interesting things, playing out in real time, some fascinating stuff that went right over everybody's head.

At any rate, working with Stanley got me the chance to do *Silent Running* at Universal. That's where I met my wife, as a matter of fact; she's a textile designer and she did the costumes for the picture.

A lot of people complain about Universal, but they were very good to me. I had total control of my movie. They never saw the dailies, they never saw a rough cut of the picture until I showed it to them, they let me make the film. Universal is a huge machine, but once they commit to a project, they'll stand back. Universal's great advantage is that they have management that's there all the time. A new production chief doesn't move in every 3 months; there's continuity.

On *Silent Running,* I had tremendous problems with the other actors, not Bruce [Dern]. They thought it was just a B grade piece of shit and they didn't put out. And I was a babe in the woods when it came to actors, so that didn't help either. After *Silent Running,* I did some work at the Actor's Studio to try and find out how actors think.

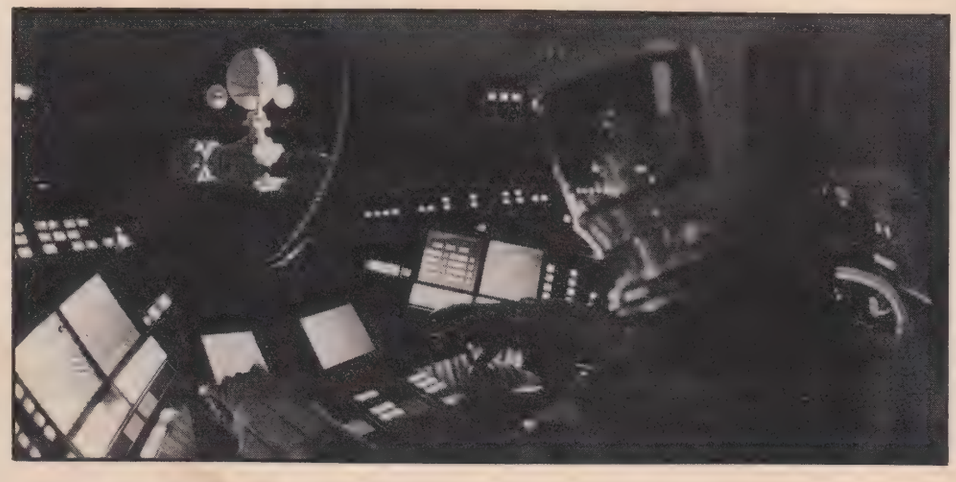
Another thing I did that was even more helpful was a men's group I got into as a sort of spinoff from a thing my wife was doing with a group of women. I guess it was a consciousness-raising thing. Anyway, I spent two years with this group, and I learned more about with actors, you know, they're very insecure and they try to make you insecure too.

That was a smart thing; another smart thing was getting my father into the business in 1970. He's an engineer, a great one and he was getting a little bored with it. I was trying to break some ground designing new kinds of camera equipment and projectors, I needed an engineer and he was the best I could find; he's been an incredible help to me.

After *Silent Running,* I got into a lot of development deals, different studios, different scripts, different producers. This went on for three years; we were always on the edge of doing these major projects, but none of them ever happened. I got so frustrated, I really needed a paycheck, so I hustled this thing with Paramount, took myself out of circulation for two years and came up with Super 70. It's gonna be two more years before I can get into a theatre with it, but when I do, it's gonna blow everybody out. I mean, I know how to entertain people; you don't just invent a new movie process in a vacuum. Super 70 is so immediate, so intense, that people just go reeling out of the room. We might need a film with two and who will perform: don't ever let anybody tell you any different.

Shortly after that, I was at Columbia working on one of my famous projects that never got made called *Hero's Journey.* It came down to a choice on Columbia's part between Steve Spielberg's *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* or my film. They chose Steve. A little later, Steve and I met and hit it off terrifically; we talk the same language and we make movies the same way. He's got a marvelous sense of what's fun about the movies, he knows what people want to see, how to activate their responses and emotions. I don't watch other people's movies, but Steve does, all the time. He's culled all the techniques for evoking fear, drama and anxiety. Personally, I operate the opposite way. I don't like to be manipulated and I don't like to manipulate. *Silent Running* was a movie that was absolutely linear, straightforward, no bullshit. Anyway, I agreed to do *Close Encounters* because it's not that overtly manipulative; by that, I mean that there's a mystery for the audience as well as for the characters.

I was on the picture in pre-production and supervised the photography all the



A view of the spaceship Discovery from inside a space pod, in 2001.

way through live action; I have to, because if they photograph it wrong, it's the worst thing in the world to try to save it later. Initially, I didn't have that much input into the overall concept, but Steve and I got pretty close and I suggested some major scenes that got shot and are in the picture. There were some holes in the script that didn't really show up until we had a rough cut of the film. I suggested some remedies, they got shot and they're in the picture. I'm proud of that. It's nice to work with a guy who can accept a suggestion, too.

In many respects, it was a fun film; the whole project just blew Truffaut's mind; he couldn't believe the money that was spent, the big sets and how slow it was. He's used to having his own little family and shooting a film from the hip; he only did the picture to see how a big American film was made. He's a very sweet, bright little guy, but he'd get eaten alive here in this town.

Don't get the idea that *Close Encounters* was totally pleasant. As a matter of fact, there were some experiences that I hope I never have to have again in my whole life. And it's always the same things: egos and money. Now, that's the business I'm in; the more of somebody's money you're spending, the more paranoid they get about it, and the anxiety that comes down on you because you're in control of somebody else's money is just not worth it, no matter what you accomplish, and we accomplished a lot.

We devised some great stuff. Before, when you worked with effects shots, you had to lock the camera off; with a matte or optical effect, you couldn't pan or tilt or change focus. I got some electronics people together and some engineers and devised a system that would record camera movement and play it back into the camera when we shot the special effect. And it works terrifically. We've got 180 degree pans during effects shots. That's pretty spectacular and it makes the film more credible.

"*Close Encounters* was the most technologically difficult job I've ever been involved with. *2001* was easy in comparison."

I think the biggest problem and the biggest success of the picture is that the effects had to occur in ordinary surroundings. Now, I liked *Star Wars,* mostly for its bravado. But the effects in *Star Wars* were hard-edged, clear objects against a black background, all rigid objects, all constructible. In *Close Encounters,* the effects have a soft, nebulous quality that was very difficult to achieve. We're all very proud of the picture. The effects are integrated; your eye is comparing an artificially created event with reality in the same shot, and that made it the most technologically difficult job I've ever been involved with. *2001* was easy compared to this.

I'll tell you one thing I'm going to stick to, however: *Close Encounters* is the last picture I'm doing that's not my own. If I can't get something of my own going, I'll do something else. I've given up on the big buck anyway. It's of very little value; I've seen people I like make money and turn into people I didn't like. I've seen people drop dead at the age of 42 and none of it is worth it.

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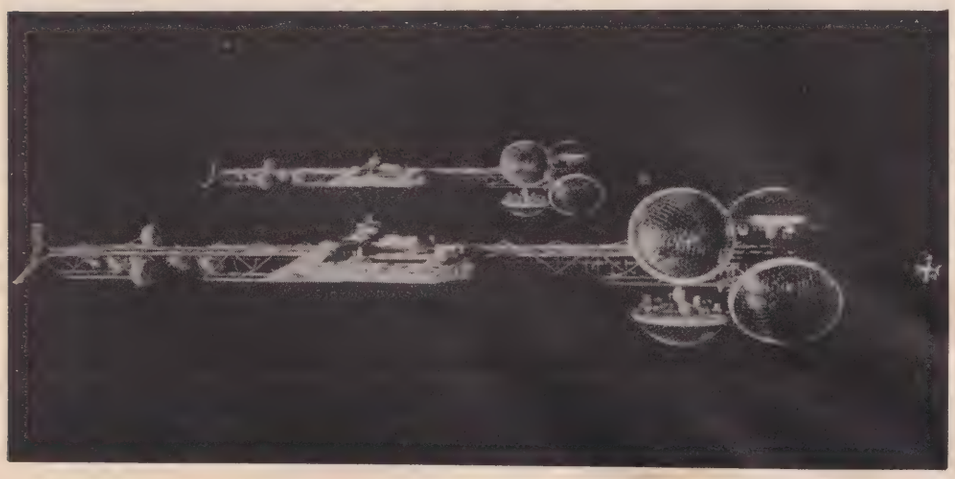

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CANNES

The tongue and the chic

By John Simon

The Cannes Film Festival, now thirty years old and no longer to be trusted, is made up of disparate elements. By far the most important aspect of what is supposedly the foremost competitive film festival in the world (now that Venice is no longer) is the film market, consisting of a good handful of film theatres mostly on the Rue d'Antibes, where movies from all countries and of all kinds are shown to prospective buyers, with deals to be negotiated in various hotel lobbies, cafés, rooms, and — if the weather is not so lousy as it was last year — beaches.

If the Rue d'Antibes is the Mecca of the merchants, however, the Carlton Hotel is their Medina, for it's here that everyone meets everyone, and most deals are begun or concluded. The middle part of the operation may take the participants farther afield, and may last a year or more — in which case, there is always the Carlton next year. One enterprising huckster who couldn't afford a room at the Carlton was said to be operating out of one of the hotel's two small and slow elevators, thus even further congesting the vertical traffic, until he eventually was chased away.

Much worse than the vertical traffic is the horizontal congestion in the Carlton's lobby, its two bars, café terrace, and grill — the main dining room being beyond the expense accounts of most wheelers and dealers, not to mention hangers-on. Though the Carlton is perhaps a shade less harrowing than the New York subway during rush hour, it is in some ways rather more traumatic: You don't expect a luxury hotel to resemble a rush-hour subway, and you're never sufficiently primed to avoid being mauled. And when you fight your way out to the Croisette, Cannes' seaside promenade and main street, your troubles are far from over. Here, too, especially just before screening times, there is such pullulating congestion — particularly when you consider that small groups of movie people or gawkers think nothing of stopping in the middle of the narrow sidewalk for confabulation — that your progress to the Palais du Festival, where the official screenings are held, may take ten fighting minutes per block.

This brings us to the films in competition, of which there are two a day for two weeks: ostensibly these are the *raison d'être* of the festival, but actually, though many of them are dogs, they're barely the tail that wags the dog. Originally, the festival was invented by the hotelkeepers to lure guests to Cannes during May, which is often a rainy month, and last spring was practically diluvial. For some years, however, what mattered was the competition or, more precisely perhaps, the stars, romance, and hoopla that surrounded it. This attracted more or less affluent gawkers to Cannes, until television and political and economic crises took the glamour out of the movies. Even the occasional starlet who removed her bra for the photographers is no longer around to create a metaphoric splash; nowadays almost half the women on the beaches, quite visible from the Croisette, sun themselves topless.

What gawking there is is reserved for star-gazing. In the Carlton, when special parties are given on a glass-enclosed terrace, people line up outside ten-deep to stare in, as hungry urchins used to do in front of the plate glass of Mediterranean restaurants. Outside the Festival Palace before and after the dress-up evening screenings, directors and stars are present in person, and can be conveniently mobbed as they arrive and depart. The gendarmes try to offer protection, but often engage in pitched battles with the paparazzi, giving the wily crowd opportunities to rush its idols. Last May, it's a wonder Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni weren't torn to pieces, though the Brazilian soccer star Pélé, the subject of a documentary, was the object of an even more Bacchic frenzy.

As Gilles Jacob, the subtle and refined new festival director (formerly second in command), says, "The festival is based on the reconciliation of a double antithesis: art and commerce, work and play." That seems a bit too refined. From the hucksters at the Carlton to the girls on the beach, it's more a question of strutting your wares, of buying and selling. Nevertheless, there are the films in competition, the above-mentioned two a day; but what are they, compared to the sixty or seventy others that are being

screened daily at the *marché*? Many of those are pornographic, but everything is relative — just as I heard numerous people complaining of the paucity and poverty of most of the films shown in and out of competition, I overheard at the Carlton's grill a pornographer who looked like a ring around a bathtub complaining that there's no longer so much pornography around as in the good old days. As a remedy for that, different posters were on display for the same pornographic item giving it two different titles, and its director three different pseudonyms.

The paradox of Cannes isn't so much the commercialization of art or the artistic veneer given to commerce; it's that here, in every tongue of the world, in every restaurant or café or street, you can hear the most diverse people talk the same, temporarily universal language: film. A greater paradox is that film means something different to everyone here. The distributor or exhibitor who rushes from one screening to another, spending about ten minutes at each, is nothing like the film festival director or scout who scurries from one screening to another but tries to see the entire film each time. Neither of these is quite the same as the movie buff, with or without some marginal connection to the festival, who seems to be able to see everything, at the mere price of forgoing sleep and regular meals.

According to Peter Ustinov, Cannes is as necessary as pillows, and particularly useful because in a few days here you can meet all the people you must carefully avoid the rest of the year. There are some crucial locations at the Carlton where certain canny strategists station themselves more or less permanently, and within a day or so can be sure of meeting everyone at the festival. The only person they might miss is another canny strategist who has posted himself quasi-permanently at another crucial spot.

There's even more printed paper than people around Cannes. Wherever you look there are local trade publications, broadsheets, leaflets, and even tomes, most of which are advertising films, but some containing festival news and information and, above all, gossip columns, from which you can learn who was there and what happened at the parties to which you weren't invited.

These parties are considered even more desirable than tickets to the screenings of the few pictures that have good advance word-of-mouth (and there is much brisk exchange of such prereviews among the cognoscenti). However, these social events are no longer what they used to be in economically sounder times. Gone are the days when the Japanese would throw a dinner for hundreds of guests and give away silk kimonos to the ladies as mementos. Perhaps the most coveted invitation last year was to the party of Lord Lew Grade (formerly Sir Lew Grade), to which the press agent somehow forgot to invite any American penmen. The gossip columnists and similar scribes, whose number here is legion, went mad with grief; only one of them, Rex Reed, was able to worm his way into the event — a fitting reward for someone who was capable of writing a rave review of Lord Lew's appalling *Voyage of the Damned*.

Almost everything and everyone in Cannes is at least a potential billboard. The Carlton is festooned with the grossest sort of blowups inside and out, advertising every kind of film. But the more obstreperous ads are human, wearing outlandish T-shirts, hats, and other emblems pushing films. Two creatures, dressed respectively as a car and a flying machine, paraded up and down the Croisette last year heralding a film called *Gizmo*. Perhaps the most attention-getting title I encountered in one of the ads was *Je Suis une Hard Girl*. But the best piece of publicity is the English cruiser, the H.M.S. *Apollo*, dominating the harbor, bigger and fiercer than all the other yachts. On the night when last year's official British entry, *The Duellists*, was shown, the *Apollo* was illuminated *al giorno* from prow to poop. Joked Maurice Bessy, the departing director of the festival, "It is an English trick to make the jury deliberate in the shadow of British cannons."

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Some people take it easy at Cannes, but some work very hard; there are, after all, besides the films of the market, many semiofficial screenings in various series, such as the Directors' Fortnight and the Critics' Week. Even certain dogs, like the pet pooch owned by the critic Robert Benayoun, have been dragged to numerous movies. (The lucky dog, I hear, slept soundly through most of them.)

Among the harder workers are the members of the jury, which last year consisted of three women (a fourth woman, a Russian director, was not granted an exit visa) and six men, under the chairmanship of the late Roberto Rossellini. Pauline Kael and Marthe Keller, two jurors, showed their dedication by keeping strict hours, and virtually never being seen at late parties or drinking sessions in the major hotel bars. When I breakfasted with Miss Keller one morning at ten, she said she was already on her third breakfast (mostly coffee). Indeed, one can consume films at Cannes from the 8:30 screenings all the way to the midnight ones.

Perhaps the only jury member who could be seen up late and cheerfully socializing was Jacques Demy, the director of *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*. His one sorrow was not being allowed to discuss the films he was seeing, and his complaints about this were eloquent. He and the young French producer, Alain Sarde, sat around the Carlton bar, looking out at what — except for the people — is God's country, and speaking with intense nostalgia about New York and America, where they wished they could be at that very moment.

The inhabitants of Cannes take a mild interest in the movies, and a much greater one in the stars and hoopla. When my companion and I took Jan Troell, his girlfriend, and her sister out for a drive, and the rented car broke down before we could ever get out of Cannes, the manager of a Renault garage fixed it, even though it was a Peugeot. I told him, just to keep his spirits up, that Troell was a great Swedish director whose film would be shown the next day; whereupon the man refused to take any money, and merely asked for a ticket to the film.

Many of the elegantly dressed people at the evening screenings behave disgracefully, talking rather loudly, fairly constantly, and quite unshushably. When they truly hate a film, as they did Marguerite Duras' *Le Camion* (*The Truck*), they talk back at it with much wicked gusto. The filmmaker Agnès Varda remonstrated with some of the fashionable hecklers afterward, and was told in no uncertain terms that if she had the right to applaud, they had the right to jeer.

Cannes, or at any rate the Carlton, is the most class-conscious place in the world. Perhaps this is necessary in a milieu that ranges from the most tastefully outfitted specimens to others you wouldn't expect to see outside a freak show. I overheard the head concierge instruct a young assistant to send an Italian newspaper each morning to the room of "Monsieur Scolla." He meant Ettore Scola, the Italian director who won the jury's prize in '76, and had another film in competition last year. "This M. Scolla is someone important?" inquired the young man in the tone of a student asking his professor a vital question. "Certainly. He is a major Italian producer," the senior concierge answered somewhat condescendingly.

Even looking like someone important can make a difference. The paparazzi (perhaps even more obnoxious than the hangers-on) keep photographing a young man who sits next to us. Who is he? "I don't know," says the paparazzo, "but it may be Helmut Berger." It wasn't.

The Festival Palace — the office, not the theatre half, of the twin buildings — is the second busiest place in Cannes, after the Carlton. From here, the festival is run with as much efficiency as its hugeness will allow.

There is, for example, no accurate nor available record of where everyone is staying, although even if there were, the big hotel switchboards are often hard to get through to, and the little hotels seldom answer at all. It's here a lot of people get boxes into which loads of material are deposited daily; here that press conferences take place and the same inane questions are asked as at film events the world over; here that information-office doors are locked more often than not; and that one mysterious door announced in large, bold letters: "This Is Not A Festival Office."

Still, as the Yugoslav director, Aleksandar Petrovic, said one night at the Carlton bar (where else would you find a Yugoslav director?), "The amazing thing about this festival is that nothing works and still it somehow matters." After that, Petrovic had to rush off to a party for a German movie he directed (one of many symbols of the internationalism in movies, which is among their most attractive features), and I was never able to locate him again. As the festival spews up people, so it engulfs them.

John Simon is the theatre critic for *New York Magazine.*

CANNES SUMMER UNIVERSITY

The University of Pennsylvania for the past two years has offered a 3-credit intensive film program in conjunction with the Cannes Film Festival. The students (limited to a group of 20) have access to festival events and screenings, and participate in a series of professional seminars and internship programs. The course is taught by *Take One* contributor Dr. Stuart Samuels, lecturer in Film History at the University of Pennsylvania and director of the Walnut Street Film Center, and by Seth M. Willenson, Vice President and General Sales Manager of Films Inc.

In the past, lecturers have included John Simon, Sergio Leone, Steve Roberts (Fox Telecommunications Head), David Raphel (President, ICM Europe), Julian Schlossberg (former Vice President for East Coast Production and acquisitions for Paramount), and Howard Smith (*Village Voice* "Scenes" Editor and director of *Marjo* and *Gizmo*).

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Take One *contributors John Simon (left) and Stuart Samuels, after a hard day at the Cannes Summer University.*

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IVANHOE
1952 COLOUR

Directed by Richard Thorpe, starring Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, George Sanders, Joan Fontaine, Finlay Currie, Sesbastian Cabot. A classic spectacular from Walter Scott's story of the days of Knights and chivalry. Photograped on location in England.

SHAFT
1971 COLOUR

Directed by Gordon Parks. Starring Richard Roundtree, Charles Cioffi, Moses Gunn, Christopher St. John, Gwenn Mitchell. Shaft, a private eye, is employed to locate the daughter of a black gang-lord. Professional touch ensured through fine direction by Gordon Parks and the Oscar winning theme by Isaac Hayes.

QUO VADIS
1951 COLOUR

Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. Starring Robert Taylor, Deborah Kerr, Leo Genn, Peter Ustinov, Patrica Laffan, Finlay Currie, and Abraham Sofaer. The lavish production based on the Christian persecution during the reign of the Emperor Nero in ancient Rome. Based on the novel by Henryk Sienkiewicz the cast ensures the deservedly high reputation for which the cast was acclaimed.

WIZARD OF OZ
1939 COLOUR

Directed by Victor Fleming. Starring Judy Garland, Ray Bolger, Billie Burke, Frank Morgan, Bert Lahr, Jack Haley, Margaret Hamilton, Charley Grapewin, Clara Blandick, and Singer Midgets. Over the Rainbow, to the land of Oz, with the fine collection of songs that never tire.

AMERICAN IN PARIS
1951 COLOUR

Directed by Vincente Minnelle. Starring Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, Oscar Levant, Georges Guetary, and Nina Foch. The dazzling musical, built around the Gershwin score. Gene is torn between Leslie and Nina giving much opportunity for superb dance & song sequences. Showered with Oscars including Best Picture.

THE DIRTY DOZEN
1967 COLOUR

Directed by Robert Aldrich. Lee Marvin, Ernest Borgnine, Jim Brown, John Cassavetes, Robert Ryan, Charles Bronson, and Donald Sutherland star in this 67 Box Office Hit. Excitement, and top acting secure the Marvin and Cassavettes acclaim, in which 12 murderers and other assorted prisoners get an opportunity to redeem themselves in a WW 2 raid.

EASTER PARADE
1948 COLOUR

Directed by Charles Walters. Starring Judy Garland and Fred Astaire, with Peter Lawford, Ann Miller, Jules Munshin. Another delightful musical from Irving Berlin in which Fred has much opportunity to dance and one good song follows another.

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY
1962 COLOUR

Directed by Lewis Milestone. Starring Marlon Brando, Trevor Howard, Richard Harris, Hugh Griffith, Richard Haydn, Tim Seely, and Percy Herbert. The beautiful remake of the 1935 production. Trevor Howard's performance as Captain Bligh was a lasting tribute to his acting capabilities, as he plays the tyrannical Captain's part with stark realism. High adventure from beginning to end.

HOW THE WEST WAS WON
1963 COLOUR

Directed by John Ford. Starring Henry Hathaway, George Marshall, George Peppard, Debbie Reynolds, Caroll Baker, James Stewart, Henry Fonda, John Wayne, and Gregory Peck. The sparkling photography and fine direction by Ford and memorable score by Alfred Newman are responsible for much in this Blockbuster Western about three pioneering families in the early West.

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MUCHO MEMORABILIA

Story and photos by Robert Touchstone

Memorabilia: the first wide-screen, 70mm motion picture was produced in 1929. It was a western starring John Wayne, entitled *The Big Trail*. Most theatres couldn't handle the "Grandeur-70" screen format and the picture quickly faded from public view. It was 20 years ahead of its time.

Memorabilia: W.C. Fields co-starred in a picture for 20th Century-Fox with Charles Boyer, Rita Hayworth, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda, Charles Laughton, Edward G. Robinson and Paul Robeson. His 20-minute sequence was edited out of the final release version because the picture was too long. The picture: *Tales of Manhattan.*

Memorabilia: Clark Gable appeared in five films without his mustache. . . *Susan Lennox* (1931), *Red Dust* (1932), *No Man of Her Own* (1932), *Mutiny on the Bounty* (1935) and *Cain and Mabel* (1936).

Memorabilia. Frank Rodriguez lives with it every waking hour—at work (he's head of 20th Century-Fox's photo department), at play (he sees seven movies a week), and sometimes even in his dreams.

Frank Rodriguez was born in Brooklyn, New York. He became interested in movies when he was about 10 years old. "A next door neighbor used to let me read copies of the movie trade paper, *The Hollywood Reporter*. And I collected theatre programs and actors photo picture cards as a hobby. Pretty soon I was the 'movie nut' of the neighbourhood."

When he was 14, he went to work at the local theatre—changing program posters and assisting the maintenance man, who changed the marquee. "I never climbed the ladder myself, because I was afraid of heights. One day though, the maintenance man went on a drunken binge and was fired. I was put in charge of the marquee. I was petrified. I finally climbed up the ladder, but I never looked down. Pretty soon I became an expert. I could change three sides of the marquee in less than an hour."

Later, his head still in the clouds, Rodriguez quit school and went to work in the mail department at RKO Pictures in New York. "I worked myself into a clerk's job in the photo department and it was a thrill being surrounded by all kinds of movie photos and posters."

Those early years were basic training. Rodriguez absorbed every information facet of the industry—eating it up like a computer. After a stint in the navy during WWII, he worked for awhile at Walt Disney Productions in New York, then at Paramount, at Joseph E. Levine's Embassy Pictures, and then, a "super-job" at 20th Century-Fox.

He transferred to Fox's west coast office. "I wanted to be in Hollywood, where it was all happening. When I arrived on the lot I thought—well, I've finally made it. I get the same feeling every morning I come to work."

It's almost impossible to not get caught up in the "Hollywood experience." Everywhere Rodriguez looks he sees a bit of history. "My office overlooks Shirley Temple's cottage. Right across the street is Tom Mix's old barn. Two blocks away and I feel like I'm home again—they still use the New York *Hello Dolly* street set. As a matter of fact, another studio used it recently to film *Harry and Walter Go to New York.*"

It wasn't long before word got around that Rodriguez could not be stumped on anything to do with the movies. He has total recall of a lifetime of digested tid-bits of movie nostalgia.

"I don't live in the past, but I love it. I think the glamour that was once 'Hollywood' is gone forever. It's a thing of the past. Today, it's violence and sex—anything to get them out of their living rooms, away from TV. It's too bad."

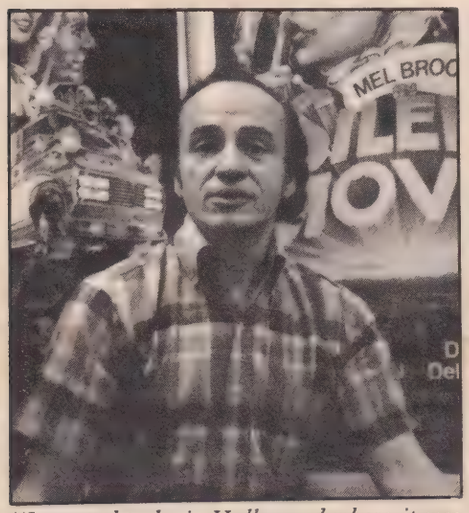
Rodriguez smiles sadly. The phone at his desk rings, and he answers the caller's question: "Yeah, I remember that song. It was called 'Acapulco'. Betty Grable sang it in *Diamond Horseshoe.*"

The caller asks Frank if he'd mind singing the words. Shyly, he swivels his chair around—cups one hand over the mouthpiece, the other hand over his ear . . .

Raquel Welch, Mel Brooks, and a dozen other stars smile down from their posters surrounding Rodriguez's desk. Brooks, with his finger to his lips, asks for silence, as the keeper of their dreams croons, a little off-key . . .

"If you're a romantic chump, pack up your duds and come to Acapulco . . ."

***Robert Touchstone** is a Los Angeles freelance writer, photographer, and screenwriter. He has written for some of Hollywood's top situation comedies, and is presently running a photo syndication and stock photo agency.*



"I wanted to be in Hollywood where it was all happening. When I arrived on the lot I thought—well, I've finally made it."

Rodriguez selects the Fox still for use in press kits, newspaper and magazine publicity and advertising.

Rodriguez is dwarfed by the New York railway station that was part of Fox's Hello Dolly *set.*

A TAKE ONE READER SURVEY

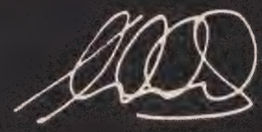
Over the past 12 months, TAKE ONE's readership has grown dramatically. Now, we need your help to learn something about who our readers are. In this way, we'll be able to tailor our future issues of TAKE ONE to better suit your needs and interests, and—we hope—make the magazine bigger and better for everyone.

We therefore earnestly solicit your assistance. Take a few minutes to fill out the questionnaire that begins overleaf—I think you'll find the exercise kind of fun.

It has been placed in the center of the magazine so that you can remove it and still maintain the rest of the issue intact.

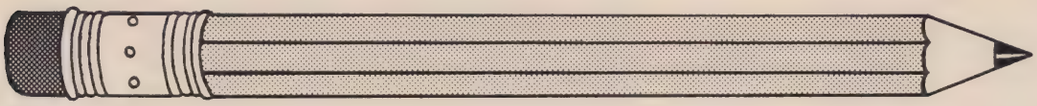
Just fold these four pages, place them in an envelope and mail them to us.

I thank you very much.



Peter Lebensold
Publisher

TAKE ONE BOX 1778, Station B, Montreal, Canada H3B 3L3



TAKE ONE READER SURVEY

WHO ARE YOU?

1. Please check whether you are male ☐ or female ☐.

2. Are you married ☐, single ☐, or separated / widowed / divorced ☐.

3. How old are you? _____

4. Where do you live:
   - ☐ In or near a city of 1,000,000 or more?
   - ☐ In or near a city of less than 1,000,000?
   - ☐ In a small town?
   - ☐ In the country?

5. For identification purposes, please write down your zip or postal code. _____

6. Are you the head of the household at your current place of residence? Yes ☐ or no ☐.

7. Please check the range of your total household income in 1977:
   - ☐ Less than $10,000.
   - ☐ $10,000 - $14,999.
   - ☐ $15,000 - $24,999.
   - ☐ $25,000 - $49,999.
   - ☐ $50,000 and over.

8. Please check the educational level you reached or, if still in school, the level you expect to reach:
   - ☐ Under 4 years High School
   - ☐ Graduated High School
   - ☐ Attended College (1-3 years)
   - ☐ Graduated College
   - ☐ Graduate School
   - ☐ Professional / Technical training

9. Please check your current occupation:
   - ☐ Student
   - ☐ Teacher
   - ☐ Professional / Technical
   - ☐ Business
   - ☐ Retired
   - ☐ Homemaker
   - ☐ Other

10. If you checked either "professional / technical" or "business" above, please check the field that best describes your occupational specialty:
    - ☐ Medicine
    - ☐ Law
    - ☐ Architecture
    - ☐ Entertainment / Arts
    - ☐ Education
    - ☐ Publishing
    - ☐ Library
    - ☐ Advertising / Public Relations
    - ☐ Government
    - ☐ Agriculture
    - ☐ Manufacturing
    - ☐ Financial
    - ☐ Retailing
    - ☐ Other

11. How often, in the past 6 months, have friends or relatives asked you for advice on:
    Books to read: _____
    Films to see: _____
    Where to vacation: _____
    What photo equipment to buy: _____

YOUR "LIFESTYLE"

12. Do you own ☐ or rent ☐ an
    - ☐ apartment
    - ☐ single-family house
    - ☐ condominium
    - ☐ other

13. About how many different magazines do you buy or receive each month? _____

14. Which of these other magazines do you read regularly?
    - ☐ After Dark
    - ☐ American Film
    - ☐ American Photographer
    - ☐ Atlantic
    - ☐ Cinema Canada
    - ☐ Columbia Journalism Review
    - ☐ Esquire
    - ☐ Film Comment
    - ☐ Harper's
    - ☐ Hollywood Reporter
    - ☐ Horizon
    - ☐ More
    - ☐ Mother Jones
    - ☐ Ms.
    - ☐ New Times
    - ☐ New York / New West
    - ☐ New Yorker
    - ☐ Playboy
    - ☐ Psychology Today
    - ☐ Rolling Stone
    - ☐ Saturday Night
    - ☐ Scientific American
    - ☐ Smithsonian
    - ☐ Super-8 Filmaker
    - ☐ Time / Newsweek / Maclean's
    - ☐ Variety
    - ☐ The Village Voice

TAKE ONE READER SURVEY

YOU AND THE MOVIES

15. Approximately how many books (excluding textbooks) have you bought in the last 3 months? ____ About how much was spent for them? $_____

16. In the average week, how many hours is television on in your household? _____

17. How many record albums or pre-recorded tapes have you purchased in the last 12 months? _____

18. Please check your musical preference(s):
    - ☐ Rock
    - ☐ Classical
    - ☐ Show
    - ☐ Pop (ballads)
    - ☐ Jazz
    - ☐ C&W
    - ☐ Folk
    - ☐ Other

19. Please list the number of domestic and international, business and vacation, trips of more than 200 miles (one way) that you or other members of your household have taken in the past 12 months:

	Business	Vacation
Domestic	_____	_____
International	_____	_____

20. Please check the items which you, or other members of your household, own and / or use:
    - ☐ stereo or hi-fi
    - ☐ 35mm still camera
    - ☐ instant camera
    - ☐ other camera
    - ☐ tape recorder
    - ☐ colour tv set
    - ☐ electric typewriter
    - ☐ skis
    - ☐ a musical instrument
    - ☐ a car
    - ☐ a foreign car
    - ☐ valid passport
    - ☐ motorcycle
    - ☐ bicycle
    - ☐ private plane

21. How many automobiles are owned by you and members of your household? _____ Please indicate the make and year of each:

22. On average, do you have two or more drinks a week? Yes ☐ or no ☐.
    If the answer is "yes", do you prefer:
    - ☐ Beer
    - ☐ Wine
    - ☐ Bourbon
    - ☐ Tequila
    - ☐ Scotch
    - ☐ Vodka
    - ☐ Gin
    - ☐ Cdn. Whisky
    - ☐ Other

23. Do you regularly smoke cigarettes? ☐ Cigars? ☐ or Pipe Tobacco? ☐

24. In the last 3 months, how many times have you attended films? _____

25. Do you rent or purchase films for showing in your home? Yes ☐ or no ☐.
    If the answer is "yes", how many films have you rented or bought in the last 3 months? _____

26. Are you involved in renting or purchasing films for showing to others outside your home? Yes ☐ or no ☐.
    If "yes", are the films shown
    - ☐ at work
    - ☐ at an educational institution
    - ☐ at a theater
    - ☐ elsewhere

    How many films have you been involved in buying or renting in the last 3 months? _____

27. Does any member of your family work for pay in the film / tv field?
    Yes ☐ or no ☐.
    If "yes", please check the category (or categories) in which the person works:
    - ☐ cameraman
    - ☐ technical
    - ☐ directing
    - ☐ other
    - ☐ editing
    - ☐ producing
    - ☐ design
    - ☐ criticism
    - ☐ writing
    - ☐ acting
    - ☐ publicity / sales

28. Do you own any motion-picture equipment? Yes ☐ or no ☐.
    If "yes", please write in the brand(s) of equipment you now own.
    If "no", please check types of equipment you are contemplating buying in the next six months.

    Super-8 camera _____ ☐

    Super-8 projector _____ ☐

    16mm camera _____ ☐

    16mm projector _____ ☐

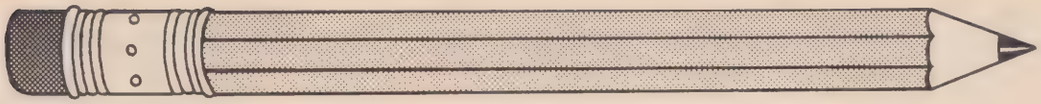
    35mm camera _____ ☐

    70mm camera _____ ☐

    videotape unit _____ ☐

    videocassette recorder _____ ☐

    tape recorder _____ ☐



TAKE ONE READER SURVEY

YOU AND TAKE ONE

29. Please indicate below the number of cartridges / rolls / feet of film you used in the past year:
    - 8mm _____
    - 16mm _____
    - 35mm _____
    - 70mm _____
    - still _____
    - Polaroid _____

30. Of the films that you have seen in last 12 months, please list the five that you have enjoyed most (new releases or classics):

    _____

    _____

    _____

    _____

    _____

31. Please list your three favourite directors:

    _____

    _____

    _____

32. And your three favourite actors / actresses:

    _____

    _____

    _____

33. And your three favourite all-time films:

    _____

    _____

    _____

34. Are you a subscriber ☐ or was this issue purchased on a newsstand? ☐

35. If you are a TAKE ONE subscriber, how long have you been one?

36. How did you discover TAKE ONE?
    - ☐ Read a friend's copy.
    - ☐ Received an invitation to subscribe.
    - ☐ Bought a newsstand copy.
    - ☐ Other.

37. About how many hours do you spend reading an average issue of TAKE ONE? _____

38. Do you read TAKE ONE at home ☐ or at work ☐ or both ☐?

39. About how many people—in addition to yourself—usually read or look through your copy of TAKE ONE? _____

40. For how many weeks after you receive each issue of TAKE ONE do you usually keep it? _____

41. Which of the reviews, features or columns have you found most interesting or enjoyable in this issue of TAKE ONE.?

    _____

    _____

    _____

    _____

42. Please indicate, for each editorial feature listed below, how interested you are in reading them in TAKE ONE:

	very interested	fairly interested	slightly interested	no interest
News	☐	☐	☐	☐
Letters	☐	☐	☐	☐
Reviews	☐	☐	☐	☐
Articles	☐	☐	☐	☐
Columns	☐	☐	☐	☐
Books	☐	☐	☐	☐

43. I think TAKE ONE should publish more material in the following areas:

    _____

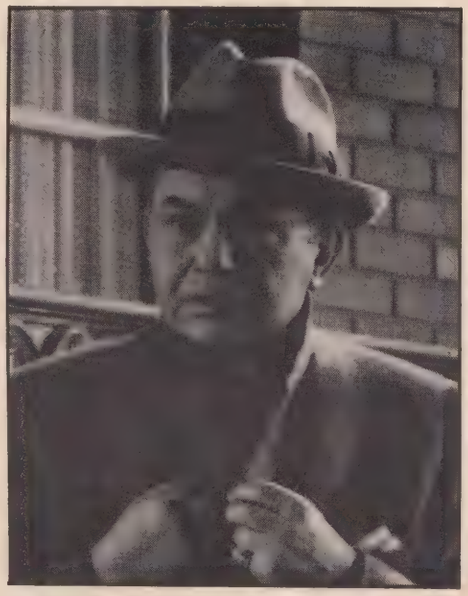
    _____

    _____

Thank you again for your help.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON

"The Golden Age is always the one that has just passed, but maybe there was some gold in those days after all."



By David Overbey

In 1972, I was working on a project—still unfinished and only partially published—involving a number of the more personal films of Fritz Lang, including particularly those produced by Diana Productions, a company owned jointly by Lang, Joan Bennett, and her husband at the time, Walter Wanger. Those principals then still alive had been most cooperative, either answering questions by letter or agreeing to talk with me. There was only one left to contact: Edward G. Robinson. He had been in the cast both of Diana's *Scarlet Street* and the previous Lang film, *Woman in the Window,* which was similar not only in story, but which also shared with the former a large number of cast and crew, and which to some degree led to the forming of Diana Productions. Writing to Robinson from Paris, I received a warm note saying that he would be happy to talk to me about Lang if I were ever in Los Angeles. A month later, in November, I was (although on other business) and telephoned him.

By then, it was something of an open secret in Hollywood that Robinson was very ill. Just how ill, however, was unknown to anyone outside his family and immediate circle. In fact, he was dying of cancer. Yet, despite the pain and the steady ebbing of his strength, he remained active and alert almost to the very end—finishing his role in *Soylent Green,* the last of his 86 films, and attending various public and private functions connected with films, friends, and charitable interests. Therefore, although put off very gently several times ("I'm very busy this week. Call me next Thursday."), I persisted. When the time for my return to Paris drew near, Lang perceived my frustration and himself discreetly telephoned mutual friends of Robinson's wife, Jane. The next time I called, a definite appointment was set, with the proviso that "we only talk about the Lang films. I'm writing my autobiography, and I don't want to duplicate all that in interviews."

Although this was, then, the reason given for his reluctance to talk with me, during our ensuing conversation he allowed me to ask, and himself to answer, questions which ranged over areas having no real bearing on the two films he had made with Lang. Only once did he make even an oblique reference to his health. Lang was then recovering from an operation, and Robinson asked "How is Fritz? They didn't find any malignancy, did they?" On being assured, truthfully, that Lang was weak but recovering and that there was no malignancy, he smiled rather sadly and said "Ah, what indignities are heaped upon us as we grow older." It was a statement of sadly observed fact, lacking even a hint of self-pity, for Robinson carried himself with dignity and a natural elegance in which self-pity would have had no place.

His house, too, reflected that same quiet dignity and elegance. The dark brick house was set back from North Rexford Drive in Beverly Hills by an expanse of lawn surrounded by a hedge which imparted to the observer a sense of secluded but not forbidding privacy. It was a house large enough to be owned by a "movie star," large enough in which to entertain comfortably and to house Robinson's once-renowned art collection, without being either ostentatious or vulgar. Robinson's library, where we talked, was large, but seemed intimate because the furniture had been selected for comfort as well as beauty, because of the placement of the lamps which managed to highlight paintings without "displaying" them, and because one sensed that the hundreds of volumes on the shelves had been and were still being read. In short, his library was a quiet place to read and talk. As we talked, Robinson, dressed in the kind of smoking jacket one usually sees only in movies and smoking one of his omnipresent cigars, sat in front of a whole series of books on Judaism and the history of the

Jewish people—a reminder not only of his origins as Emanuel Goldenberg in pogrom-ridden Rumania, but also of his work for various anti-Nazi causes which later got him into trouble with the House Un-American Activities Committee, and which (later still) convinced him that many of the anti-Communist activities of the McCarthy era were emotional-intellectual façades for deep-rooted anti-Semitism.

Those HUAC troubles and his later "I was a sucker—a dupe" testimony before the committee was one area he did refuse to discuss, saying "I'm of two minds about the whole thing. Anyway, I've just gone through all of that again for my autobiography and seriously don't want to relive it again this afternoon." And so we started with Lang, which was, after all, what I was there for.

"Fritz was a hellion on the set. He was autocratic, dominating, and extra-precise. He knew exactly what he wanted and he was going to get it, no matter what. He was the product of the European cinema where the director lorded over all. He was difficult. Certainly he was not in harmony with what we were used to in the United States. But because of his great skill he was highly respected and so we all accepted his domineering method. He was a part of everything, not just in the direction of actors, but to the point of doing the make-up. He would even sweep the floor of the set. During *Scarlet Street,* the light wasn't hitting the floor exactly the way he wanted it to, so he had it washed. It still wasn't right, so he put dust all over it and then swept it himself. Once during *Woman in the Window* he spent a whole hour rearranging the folds in Joan Bennett's negligée so that she would cast a certain shadow he wanted. That kind of perfectionism seems great now, and it helps the film when you see the finished picture, but at the time, well...

"Fritz was a very civilized, erudite man, and he could be jovial. I had great respect for him. But he could be seemingly cruel, especially with the crew. When he was particular hard, I called him aside and said 'Now Fritz, I love you, but you know Hollywood boasts of the finest craftsmen in the world. You don't have to treat them this way. They'll give you more if you loosen up on them a bit. It upsets me.' He wasn't really cruel. He was just concerned with the film and only with the film. For a while he would mend his ways. Then he would revert to type again.

"Once during *Woman in the Window* Lang spent a whole hour rearranging the folds in Joan Bennett's negligée so that she would cast a certain shadow he wanted."

"In spite of Fritz's manner and method, which did not always make for a happy set, it was a comfort for an actor to have a director with good taste. If Fritz okayed a take it was all right. If he thought it was fine, I could relax. I was in good hands. There was never any real problem of interpretation of a role with Fritz. First, he was as meticulous as it was possible to be under the old system in choosing his actors. He was also very careful with externals, which is very important. You could also talk to Fritz about the whole film and he would take the time to tell you what he was doing. Prior to shooting, I would always talk with the writer, producer, and director about the script, particularly if there were changes I thought we should make. We would discuss it so that we all had a fair understanding of the script and the relation of the character to the whole script and film. A picture is fragmented in so many ways—unlike a play— that I wanted to keep an idea in my mind how that character moved through the whole film and how each part fit into the whole. With Fritz, although he was difficult, there was never any problem in that way. When I look back over the directors I have had, I can boast that I made two films with Fritz Lang. (In his autobiography, *All My Yesterdays,* published posthumously, Robinson seems to have a different opinion from the one he gave me. "For RKO I made a picture called *Woman in the Window*... directed by Fritz Lang, one of the greats in his declining period." "I followed with *Scarlet Street* at Universal and hastened to finish it, so monotonous was the story and the character I played.")

Robinson in a scene from Woman in the Window: *"One of the most perfect scripts I have ever been associated with."*

"*Woman in the Window* was extraordinary. When it was released it was an unusual picture. The movie houses where it played would refuse to let anyone in after the film got started, which was an extraordinary practice at that time. We started out, of course, with the advantage of having one of the most perfect scripts I have ever been associated with, by Nunnally Johnson. It was so good that there were absolutely no changes made in it. Even more unheard of, there was a one-to-one shooting ratio on that film.* Fritz was an innovator, of course, and that scene in which the character seems to die, then the camera comes in for a close-up and immediately pulls back to reveal him just asleep in a different costume in a different room was extraordinary. There was no cut at all. I was wearing a second costume under the first which grips pulled away as the camera came in, and

**After the conversation with Robinson that afternoon I went for a long drive with Fritz Lang. Naturally, he asked me about what Robinson had said about him and the films. It was clear that although they were not close, there was an underlying affection and respect each for the other. Lang chuckled as he admitted that he had been indeed a "hellion, autocratic, and dominating" on the set. He confirmed the stories of the floor of the set and the arranging of the negligée. When it came to the Robinson comments on the script and shooting of* Woman in the Window, *however, Lang said: "How the hell would he know about the script? I fought like hell with Nunnally Johnson over that script. Robinson saw only the final shooting script. Even then there were at least minor changes. There always are. That stuff about a one-to-one shooting ratio is absurd. No one in Hollywood ever made a film that way. Certainly I never did."*

the entire room also split in half and was pulled away to reveal a second set. No cut. Extraordinary. He was a superb director.

"Now, with the success of *Woman in the Window*—and at the time it made a lot of money—it was decided to make another one. In some ways the next one was very similar. Both men are innocent but get involved in crime because of a momentary weakness. The strange thing is that I wanted to do the story which became *Scarlet Street* years before. I happened to see Renoir's *La Chienne* in Paris. I knew the book by Georges de la Fouchardière. Each of the three characters, later played by Joan Bennett, Dan Duryea, and myself, had alternating chapters in the book, telling events from three points of view. That interested me. I came back from Paris and tried to get Warners interested in doing an American version, but I had just done *Two Seconds* which was in a similar vein, so Warners never did it. Then, years later, Walter Wanger had it at Universal and I was engaged to play the role.** It made a very interesting and touching picture. The role had scope. I haven't seen it in a while, but I seem to remember that it did well, although it was not nearly as big a success as *Woman in the Window*."

Were other directors as meticulous and as driving as Lang? "Now look, all this *auteur* business as it is fashionably applied to American pictures just won't work in reality. The French work that way, where the director also often writes the script, but all those guys at *Cahiers du Cinéma* just didn't understand the American production system. Lang could sign his films, sure, but less so in America than before in Germany. And how many others here? Ford, most of the time. Hitchcock, Lubitsch, Murnau. Welles, I suppose, but if you look at the one I made with him, *The Stranger,* it is clear he couldn't do it all the time. We don't work the same here and so we don't produce the Bergmans and the Bunuels. Mostly it was the producers who decided what would get made and how. Of course there were better directors than others, men who knew their craft and had a certain style and taste. I made good films with Mervyn Le Roy, and I made good films with Archie Mayo, with Huston, with Wilder and Hawks. I liked some of those men tremendously, and I have seen good pictures and bad pictures by them all, but not one of them is an *auteur.* Come to think of it, not one of them took the trouble with detail that Lang did either, although I like some of the films I made with them better than the two with Lang.

"Now look, all this auteur business just won't work in reality. Those guys at *Cahiers du Cinéma* just didn't understand the American production system."

"Of course I'm an actor, and therefore I perceive many of those pictures from an actor's point of view. How good was I? How good was the role? It's odd, too, because although all this business of being sentimental about the old Hollywood is silly, a few of those old pictures that I thought were so bad at the time now seem not so bad at all when I watch them on television. The Golden Age is always the one that has just passed, and nostalgia is usually based on a failure of memory, but maybe there was some gold in those days after all."

And which of those old films seem to be the most golden now? "There are some I like because we had a great time making them. I liked Howard Hawks a lot. It was also a pleasure to work with him. He was relaxed and would let an actor go. So I am fond of *Five Star Final* and *Tiger Shark,* although I wouldn't say I was exactly great in either one. I am proud of *Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet* because of what that film was about. For its time it was a courageous film, talking about syphilis. I think *House of Strangers* is good, and *Double Indemnity,* because it was a change for me. I think *Cincinnati Kid* is good solid work. That could be my best performance."

How about Phil Karlson's *Tight Spot,* a taut and exciting *film noir?* "I remember making it, of course, but not really much more than that. Really. That was in the Fifties, when I made a whole series of less than memorable pictures, mostly Bs. My career was not in good shape, and my personal life was a ruin. I took what I could get, which wasn't much. Maybe one or two of those turned out rather better than they had any right to do, I really don't know. You aren't about to tell me you respect a film like *A Bullet for Joey,* are you?"

No, but still some of those Bs are full of tension, vitality and even meaning which some of the bigger, supposedly more significant productions lack. *Tight Spot* deserves its reputation as a well done little thriller. "Well, you live in Paris, so you know about the odd reputations some films will get. I used to take it seriously before I found out the French think Jerry Lewis is greater than Jacques Tati. Also, many of those films have to be looked at in their historical context. I don't suppose *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* is all that great a picture, but in 1939 it was courageous for Anatole Litvak to have made it, and you have to watch it with that in mind. It's just like the other arts, except that pictures are truly popular art and therefore much more a part of the period in which they were made. It is far less true of painting and music, but it still applies to them. And to the theatre. The plays that we thought were great in their day!"

Is he at all sorry he didn't continue in the theatre? After all, his career was waxing before he started making films, and he found great success on the stage late in his career with *Darkness at Noon* and *Middle of the Night.* "I don't know. 'Sorry' certainly is not the word in any case. I love the theatre and I love working in it for all the usual reasons which have become clichés by now. I never used to have much respect for pictures. They were a way to make a lot of money. But I always wanted to make the best pictures I could, which wasn't always easy at the studios. I think about it sometimes, however: the movies touched nearly everyone, while even a hit in the theatre reached only a limited audience. I loved the theatre, although I had my fights there too in getting the script right. There are few directors who are *auteurs* there either. Let's not kid ourselves, either, into thinking that artistic standards are any higher on Broadway than in Hollywood, nor that the ultimate goal is all that different."

About a month after our conversation, Edward G. Robinson entered Mount Sinai Hospital in Beverly Hills. He died 28 days later on January 26, 1973.

**Scarlet Street *was shot at and released by Universal Studios. Walter Wanger, however, was not "at Universal" for the film. In April, 1945, Wanger, Joan Bennett, and Lang has formed Diana Productions, of which Lang owned 51%. Lang was President, Wanger was Executive Vice-President, and Miss Bennett and Dudley Nichols* [*who wrote the script of* Scarlet Street] *were on the Board of Directors. Wanger had purchased the rights to the story for Diana Productions from Paramount.*

***David Overbey** is a Paris-based freelance writer.*

A BEGELMAN BIBLIOGRAPHY

Been out of the country? Use this guide to complete your files.

By Nick Dager

Call it Hollygate or call it Begelmania, the film industry is undergoing its closest scrutiny in nearly thirty years. The U.S. Department of Justice, the Securities and Exchange Commission, the Internal Revenue Service, and officials in Los Angeles are all currently investigating the way the six major Hollywood film companies finance movies.

The so-called scandal, which began more than five months ago, has revolved around one man, David Begelman, who until February was a key executive at Columbia Pictures Industries. Last October Begelman left Columbia in what was described by some accounts as a suspension; other reports labeled it a leave of absence. On December 19, Begelman was partially reinstated: he returned to his post as president but, for reasons that at that time remained undisclosed, he was no longer to serve on the board of directors. The next day, December 20, the *Wall Street Journal* broke a story alleging that Begelman had forged actor Cliff Robertson's signature on a $10,000 check. Media coverage intensified and it became clear that Columbia executives were divided over what should be done about the Begelman affair. In February that issue was resolved when Begelman resigned.

Columbia has not suffered the winter alone. In January actors Sean Connery and Michael Caine sued Allied Artists Pictures charging the company still owes them more than $100,000 each for their performances in the film, *The Man Who Would Be King*.

Hollywood was stunned yet again in February when the top five executives at United Artists—Arthur Krim, Robert S. Benjamin, Eric Pleskow, Mike Medavoy, and William Bernstein—quit en masse and formed their own film company.

As this is being written there have been no new developments in what some observers believe will be a scandal to rival Watergate. There are those who predict nothing will result from the government probes.

Take One offers the following bibliography of the Hollygate-Begelmania story to date. Deadline pressures forced the listing to be less complete than it might have been. I was unable to obtain any of *Hollywood Reporter*'s coverage and did not read an article on the financial aspects of the story that *Fortune* magazine ran. I'm sure there are other stories I've missed but what follows, I think, represents most of the major articles on Hollygate-Begelmania.

October 5, 1977

Variety. Story p.3 with sidebar calls Begelman suspension "an event without parallel in the film business." Begelman to keep titles and weekly salary of $4,500. Company plans to investigate "gray areas of personal judgement." Main story says Columbia financial future bright.

October 26, 1977

Variety. Story p.3 says Begelman repays Columbia $37,750. Disclosure made in a notice of November 10 stockholders meeting in New York. Notice says payment made "in connection with two of the unauthorized financial transactions that resulted in his [Begelman's] resignation." Begelman is not to exercise any stock options during leave of absence. Unnamed counsel hired to investigate matter.

November 2, 1977

Variety. Story p.3 reports trading of Columbia shares of stock halted November 1 at the New York Stock Exchange. Company spokesman says related to release of film *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, and not to Begelman affair.

November 16, 1977

Variety. Story p.3 with sidebar predicts announcement from Columbia "within about a month" of the results of the Begelman investigation. Details "shrouded in secrecy." Nothing substantive reported at November 10 meeting. Company chairman Leo Jaffe states: "We're not going to judge a man guilty until we find out what the facts are." Sidebar updates story to announce November 16 directors' meeting. Results of probe could be released within a week.

December 20, 1977

Wall Street Journal. Begelman reinstated to presidency. Story reports, however, allegation that Begelman forged actor Cliff Robertson's name on $10,000 check.

December 21, 1977

Variety. Page 3 story calls reinstatement "an unprecedented event in motion picture business history." Financial restitution has been made, story says, but details as to why or what for are reportedly not available. Begelman will not return to board of directors. Arrangement is termed "a sort of 'corporate parole'." Short article same page says Columbia showing first profit in five years.

December 25, 1977

Washington Post. Interview with Cliff Robertson giving his side of the check controversy.

January 18, 1978

Variety. Front page story announces the top five executives of United Artists resign. Men quit after dispute with corporation over the way the film division should be run. A p.3 story describes a long meeting January 16 of Columbia executives to decide what to do about Begelman. "No new developments" reported but says a "rift" is growing between board and Columbia Pictures Industries President Alan Hirschfield.

January 22, 1978

Washington Post. Reports the Securities and Exchange Commission is considering an investigation because of the Begelman affair.

January 25, 1978

Variety. Story p.3 reports lawsuit filed January 23 in federal court in New York by actors Sean Connery and Michael Caine claiming Allied Artists shortchanged the two men $109,146 each for their roles in *The Man Who Would Be King.*

January 29, 1978

New York Times. Front page story quotes "some industry critics" who claim Begelman affair represents "a pattern of questionable financial practices throughout the $2.4 billion-a-year motion picture industry." "The film business is permeated by financial irregularities," the sources continue, "that extend from the executive suite to the movie backlot to the local theatre box office." Recaps growing scandal including Begelman story, United Artists resignations and Caine-Connery lawsuit.

January 30, 1978

Wall Street Journal. Front page story with subhead "The Excused Embezzlement." Describes lingering effects of scandal and focuses on Alan Hirschfield and the making of *Close Encounters.*

February 1, 1978

Variety. Story p.4 bemoans reluctance of press to drop the Begelman affair and is headlined, "Periodicals Place No Periods On Ongoing Begelman Yarns." Quotes Matthew Rosenhaus, vice chairman of Nabisco and Columbia's biggest single stockholder as saying, "The boys are settled down. We're behind that man [Begelman]. He's a great guy." Sidebar is called "Columbia's Clogged Euphoria" and says because of controversy company can't enjoy *Close Encounters*, its biggest hit ever.

February 3, 1978

Los Angeles Times. Reports Columbia Pictures purchased Raystar Productions in 1974 and failed to inform the Securities and Exchange Commission. Raystar, the story says, was owned by Ray Stark, a producer associated with Columbia and a supporter of Begelman.

February 4, 1978

New York Times. Front page story states Department of Justice has begun "the broadest investigation it has conducted since 1948 into possible antitrust practices in the entertainment industry."

February 6, 1978

New York Magazine. Jeanie Kasindorf, contributing editor of *New West Magazine,* writes story called "Begelman Babylon" describing 1967 lawsuit by Judy Garland against Begelman who was then her agent. Suit, which claimed Begelman wrote several thousand dollars worth of checks without Garland's permission, was dropped in 1968. Source for story is Sid Luft, Garland's husband at that time. Says he is going to file the suit again. Begelman is suing *New York Magazine* and *New West Magazine* where the article also appeared.

February 7, 1978

Wall Street Journal. Story p.6. Begelman resigns.

February 8, 1978

Variety. Six stories. One announces five United Artists executives sign seven-year contract and form new film company. Second story reports Allied Artists lawsuit against Connery and Caine for $21,500,000 for defamation for alleged statements the two men made to the press. Four other articles deal with Begelman affair. One announces his resignation from Columbia and reports he will remain associated there as an independent producer. Says Begelman has paid $61,008 in restitution and an additional $23,000 for money paid him for travel and expenses. Second story says Begelman couldn't function at Columbia in current atmosphere. Third article announces Begelman's pending lawsuit against *New York* and *New West* magazines. Fourth article says *Los Angeles Times* story about Raystar deal was overblown. The Raystar deal, the story claims, was "not only previously reported but betrays lack of knowledge of the motion picture industry."

February 13, 1978

Newsweek. The most complete account to date. Describes how movies are financed in Hollywood. More direct quotes from named sources than any other account.

February 15, 1978

Wall Street Journal. Reports Columbia financial future bright with a net worth of more than $100 million.

Variety. Three articles all on the theme of lessons learned from Begelman affair. One claims media attention has "reached the level of hysteria and frenzy." Attacked "cheap shot smearing of Hollywood." All three stories advocate industry officials "go public" to prove movie business clean.

February 26, 1978

New York Times Magazine. Lucian Truscott IV story claims Columbia Pictures is and has been for sale. Paints multi-millionaire Charles Allen as Columbia's "godfather" and claims links between Allen and organized crime figures. Allen has sued Truscott and the *Times* for $150 million.

March 1, 1978

Variety. Story p.3 about Allen lawsuit against *Times.* Says Allen claims Truscott story contains many falshoods including that Columbia was ever for sale and that company has lost money in past few years. Allen spokesman says Columbia profitable in '75, '76, and '77.

March 14, 1978

Esquire. Story is comprehensive but offers nothing new.

***Nick Dager** is a New York freelance writer.*

A postscript from the editors:

April 1, 1978

New York Times. Front page story reports Begelman charged with forgery and grand theft in four-count felony complaint. Los Angeles District Attorney says Begelman faces one to ten years in prison on the grand theft charge and one to fourteen years in jail on each of the forgery charges. Begelman expected to be released on $2,500 bail.

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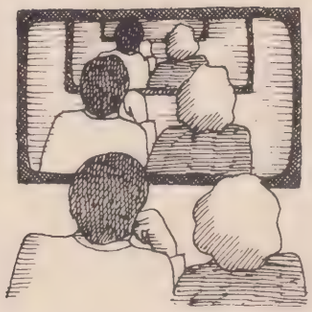

A couple of issues back in this space, we highlighted some distributors with 16mm feature films to sell. Here are a few more names and addresses — these being distributors who specialize in Super-8:

Cinema Alberta (4 — 10228 — 97 Street, Edmonton, Alberta T5J 0L8) proudly announces that they own the exclusive North American rights to the musical classic *Land Without Music,* with tenor Richard Tauber and Jimmy Durante. One hour and 25 minutes long, this black-and-white nine-reeler was made from the original 35mm masters and sells for $149.

Joseph E. Miller, Sr. of Miller's Movie Mart (167 Ravenwood Circle, Rte. 2, Dickson, Tenn. 37055) draws our attention to the services his firm offers. Not only does Miller's sell used film (in standard and Super-8), but also offers a flat rate film exchange (at $1.50 per 200-foot reel and $2.50 per 400 feet). After all, as Miller pointed out in a recent letter to Take One, "screening films is where the joy is in a hobby such as this, not in trying to purchase and collect only pristine prints." If this philosophy appeals to you, write for his latest list of availabilities.

Rondella Enterprises (26740 Hillview Street, Highland, CA 92346) specializes in coming-attraction trailers in Super-8 (at $5-10 apiece). Among those currently available: *Gone With the Wind, Forbidden Planet* and *The War of the Worlds.*

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Pinnacle Films (P.O. Box 469, Fairfield, OH 45014) is a one-stop source for the Super-8 offerings of such other distributors as Columbia, Thunderbird, Niles, Ken, Universal, Viacom and Red Fox. Among their latest releases: *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?* ($200) and an 8-minute promo reel for *Logan's Run* ($25).

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Jane Brakhage (Box 170, Rollinsville, CO 80474) has a complete selection of the works of Stan Brakhage for sale in regular and Super-8, as well as 16mm. Write for a catalog.

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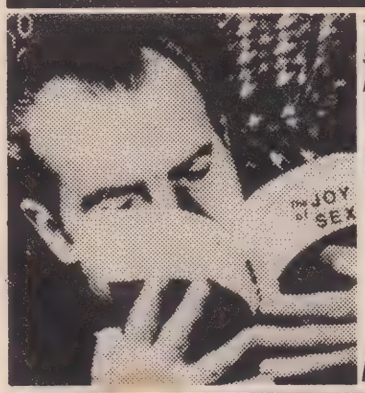

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TWO GENTLEMEN OF CORLEONE

Pacino is anal, Proust and order;
De Niro is outburst, Mailer and vitally deranged.

By David Thomson

They are long lost brothers or the broken pieces of a mandala; you can see the same distraught features in certain gloomy lights, when half a face or one suspicious eye is glimpsed in the brooding shade of a mafia siesta. They are both striking personalities, but ones who have unwittingly suffered the loss of one another. Their differences conspire in their mystical resemblance, and make it certain they will never be united. As far apart as the same man before and after sex, the likeness only indicates a forlorn quest for an absent part of their natures. Like book-ends, they face in resolutely opposite directions.

The core of their obscure relationship is in having once played a father and son who never met, but responded to the same impulses of ambition, duty and respect. The genetic code kept them in step or half-rhyme: slim young men, they shared the gaunt harmony of ashen faces and black lacquer hair; they were both reticent but committed, makers of families, order and purpose—monuments of stability, yet implacable outcasts. They are our two Dons—Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.

I wonder if Bertolucci didn't originally want both of them for the two men born on the same day in *1900*? Pacino might have understood the landowner's indecisive melancholy better, while De Niro is cheerfully unrefined, harsh and bastard primitive. Pacino may be only a peasant of concrete fields, yet he sighs and recedes into the listlessness of a young man born away from life's pressures and so more prone to metaphysical dismay.

Yet the two actors overlap; their potential is so well defined by comparison. Pacino seems younger, or less hardened; but he las looked older and immeasurably more corrupted than De Niro. De Niro seems nearly unbalanced with violent feelings that could lash out at innocent bystanders. This anger is natural and uncontrived. It is his calm that seems an act. Pacino is gentle or passive, but in *The Godfather* the imperative of vengeance monopolized him and his sickly eyes could no longer conceive of innocence anywhere. His discretion then was to hurt no one personally, but to order executions like drinks.

Their brotherhood easily casts Pacino as Alyosha and De Niro as Dmitri Karamazov, yet Pacino alone could take on the meticulous intellect of Ivan. His Michael Corleone may be the most shocking study of deteriorating character in all of American cinema, beside which the Vito of De Niro and Brando seems an honourable, old-fashioned scarface. Pacino's Michael is the nearest fiction has come to grasping a Nixon, and De Niro's Travis Bickle is the anonymous anger that sometimes picks off such respectable monsters with a lucky shot. Pacino is anal, he is Proust and he is order; De Niro is outburst, Norman Mailer and vitally deranged. Perhaps the best reason for comparing them is to suggest that American cinema prefers and caters to Pacino's tight-lipped version of the hero. De Niro, more audacious, more Renoiresque—more Boudu—may exhaust his world's tolerance and prove uncastable.

Pacino came to *The Godfather* as nearly a newcomer. He had made only *Me, Natalie* and *Panic in Needle Park,* films out of the mainstream and marked by the sort of pretentious experimentation that regarded Pacino as an enterprising off-Broadway actor. He made himself look a lot less than 30 in the first hour of *The Godfather.* He is a hero home from the war, nearly as immature as Robert Walker in *The Clock.* Brothers and mafiosi tease him good-naturedly; he is shy of telling Diane Keaton he loves her over the phone in front of a kitchen full of gangsters. His hair flops over his brow, and his wide eyes seem too flawless to have faced combat.

But there is already a warning

coldness that relishes the shock to Keaton when he explains the offer his father once made to the bandleader who owned Johnny Fontane. At that point, Michael has seemingly repudiated his family's ways, but the gloating account of brains or signature on the contract is filled with military instinct. He is patronised by the others, but he is purposeful and unsentimental. When he draws the protesting Kay into the family photograph, it is less a gesture of romantic hopes than the plans of dynasty.

Michael discovers himself through family loyalty, and it is notable in both parts of the film how little warmth he displays for either of his wives. He is touched by father and sons only; brothers he first surveys, then humbles and eliminates. They are too nearly rivals to his Machiavellian succession. Self control is the secret to Michael's character, and to the totalitarian way in which he will rationalise self-interest.

When Sterling Hayden's rogue cop arrives, Michael provokes and exults in his own physical punishment. Pacino can radiate spiritual resignation, and he martyrs himself willingly. The effect on his delicate face is awesome. Swelling and bruising stay there surprisingly long, well into his Sicilian exile. It shows brutal maturity and suffering, but it is also a first hint of malignance in Michael. The bruising turns into the sallow hollows of compromise, lying and manipulation. It also prepares us for the sonata close-ups of Part II when Michael's face lurks in half-darkness, destroying his family to maintain its integrity and authority. The development showed how intensely Pacino presented a face going into sinister withdrawal. His Michael needs no one and rejects honesty: so the man hides behind the obelisk stare of a demoralised god. If acting for movies is allowing the camera to look within or through the surface, then Pacino achieved something remarkable, for he leads *The Godfather* from a study of the world of actions and deals to the immobile revery of a lonely tyrant. *The Godfather* is a masterpiece, and Michael is without doubt its central character and the most resonant metaphor of America. A large measure of its development is due to Pacino's command of lethal minimal gesture: at the end it is a nearly Bressonian presence—a man who has closed the door in his own mind between act and honour, just as it closed on his wife at the end of Part I. In retrospect, it seems only a part of our reluctance to face harsh truths that Brando and De Niro got Oscars as robust, benevolent patriarchs while Pacino's breathtakingly lucid definition of evil went unrewarded.

American cinema prefers Pacino's tight-lipped hero. De Niro may exhaust his world's tolerance and prove uncastable.

His other work shows the vagaries of today's movie scene, and the bankable asset of moody romanticism in Pacino's screen character. *Scarecrow* is another solemn disaster at the hands of Jerry Schatzberg, an attempt at poetic hoboism that ends in a catatonia which alone can express the distress of his character. In *Serpico,* too, another character says of Pacino 'either you're exploding or you're lying around like a catatonic.' But Pacino diverts it into the ballad of a sad, aloof hippy. It is his worst film in that it indulges an excessive fund of self-respect and leaves only self-righteous posing.

Pacino is beautiful, and even when most impassive he brings a refined aura to a part. *Dog Day Afternoon* is his least restrained film, yet his untidy prettiness does help explain the jittery excitement of the ardent bank robber. More challenging was *Bobby Deerfield,* in which he caught the austere, nearly frigid, insecurity of the motor racing driver who has A plus on his suit. Deerfield is in hiding from pain and complication; he longs for a circuit free from error in which he becomes one with his machine. He will use anything as a cover or defence: cars, his helmet, indifference and dark glasses. Yet again, his pallor seems scarcely able to subdue a dark inner lining, sometimes only anxiety or perplexity, but sometimes equivalent to flaw or decay.

Best of all in that film, however, is the moment when Marthe Keller challenges him to risk his precious celebrity—as hard and ponderous as a turtle—by walking down a Florentine street without his shades. The way in which Pacino bears the indignity of not being recognised is acute, funny and very touching. It is a heartwarming scene in an unexpectedly mordant film. It shows how winsome Pacino might be if he let his charm loose, and how much he needs the internal conflict of guarding against his loveliness and trying to make it baleful. Pacino is clearly willing to be candid, but he also has the equipment of cold-eyed toughies in lazy or unpenetrating films. With a little less dedication, he could become conventionally insolent.

De Niro, in contrast, seems less capable of settling into bland pictures. His disruption of the Mike Nichols *Bogart Slept Here* has already demonstrated an intractability that could one day end in the actor being discarded. He seems no more cosily amiable off-screen than on it, and whatever his reputation now it must be recalled that the American star survives by finding one way or another of being likeable and digestible. De Niro's virtue so far is in playing awkward, unmanageable people: it is very hard to think of one dutifully sentimental scene in which he has figured. But it is easy to think of his cold, cruel or alienated solitaries, in all of whom there is a flame of inspiration and obsession. *New York, New York* is so painful a film largely because of the way De Niro's energy goes into private ecstasies rather than the tranquil and wholesome romantic moments of the 1940s musical that Scorsese adores and abandons. In the long opening sequence, he 'wins' Liza Minnelli not out of affection or attraction—he seems too chilly for either feeling—but because she is the available challenge or target. His Jimmy Doyle overpowers people or ignores them; he cannot deal with them. Thus, the abrupt humour, the impulsive routines and the grin are as alarming as weapons. I'm sure the film was less liked than it might have been because of the rigor of De Niro's conception. Not that I can imagine him acting more fondly or gently. He will not admit need, hurt or softness. His street kid has learned the necessary pride and self-protection of never showing weakness—he is not a million miles from John Wayne. Any action is justified as a way of avoiding a plea for sympathy. De Niro is as intransigent as the scorpion who stings against his own self-interest in Orson Welles' *Mr. Arkadin.*

That is the impulse behind Travis Bickle in *Taxi Driver,* I think, and why the film is so disturbing in its portrait of a man of good intent and weirdly fine nature driven to slaughter. Travis cannot reveal his pain or bewilderment: he will not yield or ask for help. This leaves him more unable to comprehend his own tangled sense of right and wrong. The street kid acts to show he is alive, and killing for Travis is the only valid alternative to breakdown or a kind of reflection that would undermine his dynamic. But the goodness of the man shows in the ravishing smile, the eery kindness and the childlike simplicity that understands Betsy's concealed person. Travis wants to save others, being unable to help himself.

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CONFESSIONS OF A CEL WASHER

Chuck Jones

In Ed Wynn's classic definition of the comedian we have, I believe, everything you have to know about the elements of humour: "A comedian is not one who goes through a funny door — he is one who goes through a door *funny*."

Most humour, he is saying, is based on an act that is easily executed. *Anyone can go through a door.* Second, humour is *action.* It is *not* appearance. Very few great comedians depended on their dress beyond a slight incongruity: Groucho Marx's moustache, Bobby Clark's painted-on glasses — it was and is the incongruity of their actions and speech that made them great.

All right, *anyone* can go through a door. *Anyone* can eat a bowl of spaghetti. Anyone can probably kiss *somebody* else. But how many ways are there *not* to get through that door? *Not* to kiss that somebody? *Not* to eat that spaghetti? *Not* to achieve the easily achievable?

Cats can and do catch and eat mice. It is an easily observable phenomenon — and a grim one, if you're a mouse. As a small grim friend of mine — not a mouse — who lives most of his life in *The Guinness Book of World Records* once told me; a midwestern farm cat had, over a period of fifteen years, disposed of (euphemism for "killed") 42,306 and ¼ mice. What interested me most about this statistic (aside from the ¼) was that the farmer took time to count these mice. I mean, when did he farm? It seems to me he would have been so busy following that damn cat around with a ledger that his fields would have grown over with weeds and the golden billowing wheat would have withered and died. It's people like this that cause dust storms. That cat was probably messing up the books anyway, bootlegging a few mice for himself and a few friends.

There was a song once that contained the information that God knew of every drop of rain that fell and kept track of every sparrow that fell also. An interesting hobby, and demanding too. I mean, how can you keep up with, much less do anything about, famine in India, wars in Vietnam, the plight of the hump-back whale or the Panama Canal debates when you have to keep an accurate count of a few hundred billion drops of rain plummeting to the earth every minute — not to mention brigades of moribund sparrows nose-diving into that self-same earth. So, when some angel concerned about matters on the earth scrapes his foot on the doorway, and says "Pardon me, sir (or madam — as the case may be), but-uh, about the lettuce-pickers in Imperial Valley —" and God's answer is, "Forty-two trillion eight hundred and sixty-four billion, eleven million, nine hundred and sixteen thousand, eight hundred and three; Forty-two trillion eight hundred and sixty-four billion, eleven million, nine hundred and sixteen thousand, eight hundred and four; Forty-two trillion eight hundred....." After all, first things first.

O.K. now. James Thurber once compared humour to a frog. You may dissect either one of them, he said, but the subject may die in the process. Nevertheless let's continue to try to describe the frog without pulling it apart:

I spent fifteen years trying to find out how many ways a Coyote *couldn't* catch a road-runner.

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1. Humour is usually concerned with realizable acts, needs or desires.

2. The audience must be aware that the act *is* possible. Scaling Everest or crossing Niagara Falls on a high wire are *not* things we know we can do — therefore:

3. We must believe that the act is probably something *we* can accomplish. We have *seen* people go through doors, we have gone through doors ourselves. It is so ordinary an act that we have almost forgotten all about doors as posing any kind of problem. The "almost" is important because it generates —

4. *Sympathy* — everyone of us has at one time or another failed in the simple act of door opening and has bumped a nose, toe, knee-cap or some other protruding part of our anatomy in the dark. Anyone who has as I have, smashed his nose on the *end* of a three-quarter open door (that my outstretched hands had missed on their parallel course down the opposite sides of that door) is going to accept almost *any* door as a lethal possibility. (I am still — twenty years later — picking an occasional splinter out of remote outskirts of my body.)

To me, at that time, it was not funny. It was painful, shocking and quite bloody, and — had I been wearing glasses at the time — could also have been disastrous. But...it would have been a lot funnier *if it had happened to someone else.*

Which brings us to point 5: (Check the frog first though, — respiration normal, heart-beat normal, vision 20 / 20, body temperature 62 — about right for a frog.)

5. Humour is usually concerned with an act familiar *to* the audience, known to be realizable *by* the audience, it has been experienced *by* the audience, the audience is sympathetically aware of the potential of failure with this act and — *it is now happening to someone else.*

Up to this point everything is familiar. The humorist must now take over and show us how many undreamed-of ways there are *not* to go through a door. Not content to simply run into the end of the door and slide to the floor as I did, the comedian jumps to his feet in order to regain his dignity, even though no one is there to observe that he has lost it. Important point:

6. *Humiliation,* and the effort to recover dignity play important roles in humour. In our Roadrunner cartoons the Coyote in his falls to the canyon bottom becomes immensely more funny, it seems to me, when he tries to recover dignity *during* the fall rather than simply being frightened.

Our comedian jumps to his feet where, as a biped, he belongs. But he doesn't make it. The sash on his bathrobe has somehow become stuck under the door and down he goes again. After a laocoön-like struggle with the sash, which — with the door — has become a second adversary, after almost hanging himself on the door-knob, he abandons the bathrobe as a hopeless job and jumps lightly to his feet. This time *he* makes it — but his pajama pants do not. The knot of the tie cord has perversely wiggled under the door this time and unceremoniously jerked his trousers down around his ankles. Since this is a G-rated film the pajama coat covers that which needs to be covered in order to obtain a G rating, but he still looks less like a man than a half-feathered chicken. Looking fearfully

over his shoulder down the hall (this whole act would, I think, play best in an old hotel with a communal bathroom, the danger of discovery then being implicitly frightening and humiliating — Is *that* the sound of someone coming?), forgetting his hobbled feet, he starts to run *around* the door to the sanctuary of the other room and is tripped up by the treacherous pajamas, falls heavily against the door, slamming it and catching tightly in the closed door his pajama bottoms, one sleeve, *all* of the front of the pajama uppers, and half of his moustache. The shock of the slamming loosens an over-head transom which with a hideous crash falls over his head. And fourteen indignant guests pop their heads out as the camera pulls back down the long, long, long hall.

I spent fifteen years trying to find out how many ways a Coyote *couldn't* catch a road-runner. I thought at first the road-runner was my hero — but not so. The audience knew better and were fully aware of the frustrations of trying to do *anything* right; their sympathies were all with the coyote. Through failure he became in a strange way lovable, as did his great antecedents, Chaplin, Keaton, Langdon, Lloyd and today's great Woody Allen. The epitome, each of them, of the frustration of incompetence and the heroism of persistence.

Friz Freleng, Bob McKimson, and I spent over twenty years as directors at Warner Bros. cartoons trying to discover how many ways there are *not* to shoot a rabbit. And I'm not sure we even scraped the top of the barrel — much less the bottom.

Perhaps the only inviolable rule in the creation of humour — and probably the only inviolable rule in *all* creative work is summed up in a deceptively simple remark by Groucho Marx. "Comedy," he said, "is not so much what you do as what you don't do."

You must, Groucho is saying, define your discipline, just as the term "biologist" covers a hundred thousand disciplines, each sufficient for a life-time of exploration, and each having its own discipline, each requiring the most rigorous self-imposed boundaries, beyond which you won't and don't trespass. So, if you are into plankton, you must ignore bivalves, even the most intriguing, because no one, in a hundred life-times, can ever begin to understand the fantastic world of these tiny superbly crafted creatures, each individual as different from another as a camel to a porcupine. Billions of variations in a field that most of us hardly know exists.

Consider then the superbly crafted individual character of *all* great comedians, each unique in a discipline so narrow in appearance that you can't imagine how they could accomplish their wonders *without* over-stepping the boundaries of another's discipline. And yet they did. Chaplin and Laurel and Hardy wore almost identical costumes, derby hats and coats too small for them, pantaloons and shoes too big, ties and standing collars too shabbily elegant, yet these three were so different, so clear-cut in style that no one of them could ever be mistaken for the other. It was not so much what they did as what they didn't do that made them what they were.

Bugs Bunny and the Coyote drawn in silhouette look pretty much alike, but their personalities, their needs, their desires, their methods are so different that they seldom if ever overlapped in any way.

In humour — in *all* creative work — it takes constant vigilance, it takes an enormous amount of work and it takes the most intense love of what you are doing to insure that individual discipline. Only by the respect you owe to that discipline can you hope that in the final project only the love will show.

***Chuck Jones**, animator* extraordinaire *and director of such stars as Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck and Wile E. Coyote, was director of animation at Warner Bros. for 26 years. He has recently produced a number of televised animated specials.*

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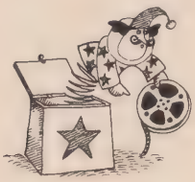

OVERLOOKED AND UNDERRATED

Crime and Passion. Director, Ivan Passer.

In the pantheon of overlooked and underrated films reserve a special niche for Ivan Passer's *Crime and Passion,* which I saw at an A.I.P. screening on Jan. 14, 1976.

The film opened in New York in April, 1976 to a round of uncomprehending reviews. One of the few good reviews it received was from Andrew Sarris (who called it "the most underrated work of the year"), and on the basis of that review an L.A. sneak preview was scheduled. Reaction was reportedly indifferent, so that at year's end, when Sarris was including it among the runners-up to the year's top ten, the word came down that A.I.P. had shelved the film, and if it were booked anywhere wouldn't spend a cent on advertising or promotion.

It's a pity, because this is a sumptuously produced comedy-drama. Passer's films are strange, unpredictable, witty, intelligent and admirably performed (no other director makes Karen Black, who stars in *Crime and Passion,* behave so appealingly, and few have been successful with her co-star Omar Sharif). Passer's films are also box-office losers, and that's all that counts in this business.

What are we damn fools doing, trying to pass off movies as "art" anyway?

Dan Bates

(Ed.'s note: *Crime and Passion* makes our pantheon for having inspired more submissions to this column — 5 to date — than any other film since its inception.)

La Meilleure façon de marcher (The Best Way to Get Along). Director, Claude Miller (1976).

Truffaut's long-time assistant made a memorable start on his own with this tale of the clash between two young counsellors (Patrick Dewaere & Patrick Bouchitey) at a boy's summer camp. This is a small-scale production carefully executed which, like Truffaut's feature debut, *400 Blows,* impresses us because of its realistic insights into the often harsh truths about growing up. The film has some rough edges, including an awkward attempt at a Freudian allegory near the end. But the sharp tension between Philippe, the shy, artistically-inclined young man, and Marc, the cruel jock-extrovert, maintained throughout the film, suggests that Miller is a director to watch in the future.

Andrew Horton

La Chienne. Director, Jean Renoir.

This Jean Renoir film released in 1931 and starring the late Michel Simon has been "lost" for years. It was remade by Fritz Lang in the forties as *Scarlet Street* with Edward G. Robinson and Joan Bennett. The similarity ends there. While the Renoir film had a sense of humour and style, thanks in no small part to the magnificent performance of Michel Simon, the Lang version was heavy-handed and failed to see the humour that existed in this basically sordid story of love and betrayal. It was shown not long ago at a film festival in New York, and went on to live for a short time at an East Side revival cinema, where it won critical raves. Certainly this amazing original deserves a much wider audience, since the inferior remake has been seen many times on television. Its appeal is universal, and any Renoir film should be preserved for posterity and not locked in some film vault, which is obviously what has happened to this masterpiece. Let us hope that it will be made available to film societies, museums, universities and art cinemas for all the world to enjoy.

Valerie Pinkerton

Bowie plays Bowie

Les Zozos. Director, Pascal Thomas (1973).

The post-pubescent moping and groping of four French teenagers and their assorted schoolmates is regarded with amused, sympathetic detachment in *Les Zozos,* the first film of writer-director Pascal Thomas. Photographed by Colin Mounier in a heavy black and white that is perhaps unsuited to this light and comic tale, *Les Zozos* succeeds nonetheless in presenting a charming, convincing look at the adolescents' single-minded preoccupation with sex and love. The obligation to make romantic conquests weighs heavily on the boys, played by Frederick Duru and Edmond Railard with the perpetual hangdog air of uncertain youth. The end of their vacation trip to Sweden, undertaken with expectations of amorous adventure, finds them returning home frustrated, concluding true to their national character that the food was terrible. Annie Cole, as a blonde whom nobody seems to want, embodies the kind of sulking petulance that is at once irritating and peculiarly attractive. Pascal Thomas, who explored this subject further in the prettier, more sentimental, *Pleure pas la bouche pleine,* has in *Les Zozos* successfully recaptured the discomfort of being young.

Barbara T. Rochman

Mother, Jugs and Speed. Director, Paul Yates.

When I sat down to view this flick I had already decided that I was going to be bored stiff. Bill Cosby, Raquel Welch, Harvey Keitel and Alan Garfield proved me wrong, man did they prove me wrong! From beginning to end I was completely entertained by the misadventures of a freelance ambulance crew. It doesn't sound so entertaining, but believe me it was. Alan Garfield was especially outstanding. He was one big plus in making me realize just how good this film really was. Laughs and harsh realities are in abundance throughout, making this movie a precious gem. My thanks go out to the director and stars of this fine film because they show me that with the right people working together in a film, even a story of my life could be entertaining! Maybe.

Steve Benko, Jr.

Jackson County Jail. Director, Michael Miller.

I looked all over for the perfect Bicentennial Movie in '76, to no avail. Even Altman let me down. Then I found Miller's *Jackson County Jail,* the best American B-movie of that year. This film was buried by its own ad campaign, which exploitatively played up the rape scene, which was only one element in a well-written story. It said more about the treatment of women and "social outcasts" in American than all the big-budget TV and movie productions put together. The rape scene was ugly, which makes it probably more like real rape than the usual glamorized Hollywood product (*Lipstick,* etc.) which is often a soft-core turn-on. There is nothing pretty about such horrors here. Yvette Mimieux and Tommie Lee Jones are both superb as representatives of two groups still being mistreated — American women and criminals. The ending is a jarring message for all of us. Technically well-done, *Jail* only occasionally falls into junk-movie stereotypes (car chases and shootouts), more often dwelling on interpersonal relationships — notably the way Yvette is treated by every man she meets (boss, boyfriend, deputies,

thief, rapist, etc.) on her journey through America.

Born to Kill. Director, Robert Wise (1974).

A psychopath (Lawrence Tierney) kills his girlfriend and a rival, then takes up with the sophisticated divorcée (Claire Trevor) who finds the bodies. Although the killer and divorcée are attracted to one another, he marries her wealthy sister (Audrey Long). A detective (Walter Slezak), hired by a friend of the murdered girl, tracks Tierney down and tries to extort money from Trevor in return for silence. Tierney, in a jealous rage, murders an old friend (Elisha Cook, Jr.) who is trying to put an end to the investigation. Trevor finally reveals her and Tierney's attachment to her sister and is killed by Tierney just as the police break in and gun him down. The plot is even more complicated than this brief synopsis suggests, and this is the film's major flaw. But the characters and their interrelations are similar to Hitchcock's (although not handled as well), deep focus is used to advantage, and camera and lighting are strikingly effective in the murder scenes. Near-classic *film noir.*

Lynn Munroe

Bowie. Director, D.A. Pennebaker.

How to describe the most brilliantly conceived and articulated rock and roll movie, is a very difficult process. Let me simply suggest that no other footage of a concert, that I have seen, is more intimately involved with the music. Also, the music track is in "interlock" with the film, creating a stereo wall of sound rumbling sharp and clean over the audience, and at times through it. Pennebaker says that Bowie mixed this sound from a 16-track tape, and the track was mixed to the actual edited film. That means that Bowie, sitting at the boards, was conducting music to a symphony of color. Not since Disney's *Fantasia,* has music and film been connected so elegantly. The film *Bowie* is the entire concert — Bowie's last as Ziggy Stardust, just prior to his 1973 retirement. The space age Bowie, briefly attired in diaphanous costumes, covorts in a galaxy of enlightened decadence; bringing us along, playing it, but playing it for us. His strength as a performer has always been the intelligence in his selection of character. In this period, Bowie became Mother England in all her glory.

I would like to see this film again, and hope that Mr. Bowie will see fit to release it. Whatever Bowie would lose in having his public revel in his back pages, he would certainly gain in the pleasure this movie would add to the experiencing of his talents.

Amos Poe

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DISH NIGHT
Waldo Lydecker

A SPLITSVILLE SAGA: Biggest buzz around Hollywood these days centers around the Marisa Berenson-Jim Randall separation. It began when Jim took away Marisa's credit cards, Marisa's Rolls-Royce, Marisa's clothes, Marisa's role in his upcoming film biography of Vivien Leigh, and reached a climax when he locked her *in* their house in Beverly Hills and none other than Frank Yablans came to her rescue with the L.A. Police Department, Marisa's sister Berry (Mrs. Tony) Perkins, isn't feeling much better—Candy Bergen aced her for the leading role in *Oliver's Story*.

OBJECTS: Latest hot beauty to hit New York is Luis Bunuel's discovery Carole Bouquet, who played one half of the female lead in *That Obscure Object of Desire*. Carole is filming a love story set in the world of punk rock by day and acting out a love story (with photographer Peter Beard) set in the world of disco rock by night. Another new twosome is Dancin' Bob Fosse and King Kong's ex-heart-throb, Jessica Lange.

THE JOSEPHINE BAKER STORY STORY: Before she died, American-in-Paris music hall star Josephine Baker left explicit instructions that the leading role in her life story (she always knew that they'd get around to making it) *not* be played by Diana Ross. Now that the time has rolled around to do the picture, the most likely candidate to descend the escalier electrique in banana leaves and that's about it is Mrs. Bobby De Niro, Diahnne Abbott. You'll all remember Diahnne from her roles as a porno theater candy-counter girl in *Taxi Driver* (in which she played opposite her husband) and as a chanteuse in *New York, New York* (in which she played opposite her husband's saxophone).

OSCAR NIGHT FEVER: Most celebrated Oscar no-show since they set up a camera in Judy Garland's hospital room to catch her reaction in case she won (she lost) was Woody Allen, who disappointed curiosity seekers who came to Michael's Pub in NYC, where he plays Dixieland on Monday nights, by cutting out before the Best Director award came up. If Michael Caine and Maggie Smith seemed not quite, well *themselves,* that was because their sequence was being filmed for use in the upcoming Neil Simon comedy *California Suite,* in which they play two British actors presenting an Oscar. Where did you watch the Oscars? Liz Taylor watched them from the Iranian Embassy in DC, where she ducked out of a reception in honor of losing documentary *The Children of Theatre Street*; Ryan O'Neal, Mick Jagger, Brooke Shields, and Margaret Trudeau watched them from New York's Studio 54, where Andy Warhol, Truman Capote, and Polaroid were giving a party; superagent Swifty Lazar's A-list watched them, for a change, from the actual presentation—telecast producer Howard Koch got Swifty to cancel his annual Oscar-watching bash at Le Bistro which usually draws a classier crowd; Eletha Finch, Peter's widow, watched them from home—nobody bothered to invite her.

YOUNG DASH: Wim Wenders' first American film will be a thriller called *Hammett,* which he will make for Francis Ford Coppola and the maverick Orion Pictures, which was formed by the departed United Artists hierarchy.

ROLLING: Mick Jagger has a few movie projects in the works. One is a biography of Theatre of Cruelty maven Antonin Artaud. The other is a Dino DeLaurentiis idea about a rock star (to be played by Mick) who falls in love with the rowdy wife of a Canadian Prime Minister. Since *Ragtime,* the picture in which budding starlet Margaret Trudeau was set to appear as Evelyn Nesbitt, has been shelved, we're sure the wheels in Dino's head are doing overtime.

FLAMINGO HOURS
Gene Youngblood

The Los Angeles International Film Exposition is one of the largest film festivals in the world. More than 250 films from 40 nations were presented this year at the seventh annual Filmex to an audience of more than 115,000. From November through March about a dozen other people and myself looked at almost 200 new feature films from around the world in order to select the 65 first-run features presented during the non-competitive Exposition. These were in addition to various retrospectives and programs of shorts, documentaries, super-8 films, and a survey of the history of animation. It was for me a most edifying and enlightening experience. I don't have the space to indulge in an extensive account of what I saw and thought. So I'd just like to concentrate on two films that were of particular interest to me, and then mention some others that seemed outstanding.

Easily one of the most original films in this year's Exposition was *Invisible Adversaries* by the Austrian experimental filmmaker Valie Export, who has been known heretofore in North America mainly by reputation only. *Invisible Adversaries* is her first attempt at a feature-length narrative, and it reveals a prodigious talent at work. The title refers to extraterrestial aliens called "Hyksos," malevolent forces that enter human bodies like incubi and initiate the decline of civilization. Not to be taken literally, the Hyksos are a poetic metaphor for the modern Zeitgeist, the apocalyptic mood of the times. Ms. Export uses this theme as a framework for some of the most audacious and amazing narrative experiments since Cocteau. The comparison is appropriate, for on one level *Invisible Adversaries* is about art and the artist, a modern *Blood of the Poet.* To this Export brings a fresh and intelligent sensibility, characteristically self-referential. The film is a tour de force of cinematic invention. Her visual resources include mirrors, still photography, video, dance, and films within the film, all employed with a bold and surprising inventiveness. She combines elements of conceptual and performance art with a vast array of cinematic influences including Hitchcock, Rivette, Godard, Wim Wenders and Yvonne Rainer, yet the result is a unique style all her own. The film is also a brilliant feminist statement, full of compassion and wisdom, that transcends cliché. "When is a human being a women?" someone asks, and Export answers through her female protagonist, a photographer and video artist. Strong, self-willed, she's also deliberately vulnerable, for she knows that strength without tenderness isn't strength. Through a series of Godardian dialogues, one involving a fascinating use of time-delayed video, we witness the disintegration of her relationship with her lover, even as they enjoy a wild sexuality that, although verging on the scatological, remains somehow chaste. Smart and emotionally resonant, *Invisible Adversaries* is one of the most impressive

film debuts in recent memory. (Distributor: Valie Export, Grunangergasse 1, Vienna 1010, Austria.)

Another picture I liked very much was *Lulu* by Ronald Chase. This film was originally conceived not as a movie at all but as a multimedia backdrop for the New York City Opera Company's 1973 production of Alban Berg's *Lulu,* based on Frank Wedekind's 1888 play *Pandora's Box* and thus, inescapably, on G.W. Pabst's immortal 1928 film version of that play. Chase has expanded his opera footage into a dazzlingly beautiful, intensely erotic and, ultimately, ominous and disturbing first feature film. It isn't a remake. Nor is it a cultish "homage" for the edification of film buffs. Rather, it's an impressionistic meditation on, and evocation of, *Pandora's Box* as prophetic cultural myth, as collective erotic dream. All the personae are here—the amoral Lulu, Dr. Schoen and his son Alwa, the lesbian Countess Geschwitz, Jack the Ripper—but they are given not as realistic characters so much as archetypes. *Pandora's Box* still belongs to another era (title cards are used throughout) but, viewed from the perspective of the 70s, its psychological insights and social prophecies seem like revelations. Chase evokes rather than imitates the styles of Wedekind and Pabst, through a technique strongly reminiscent of James Broughton. On the one hand there's Wedekind's synthesis of comedic, dramatic, farcical and satirical forms. On the other hand there's Pabst's dramatic framing and moody chiaroscuro. The movie starts at a feverish pace, moods and styles shifting in rapid succession. The imagery is rich and complex, the montage is spectacular, the mise-en-scène is androgynous and decadent. Gradually the film loses its artifice: the pace grows more deliberate, scenes are longer, sync-sound dialogue is heard. A foreboding realism encroaches as Lulu's thoughtlessly evil lifestyle propels her toward her destiny with Jack the Ripper. This climactic scene is overwhelmingly powerful; in inevitable comparison, *Looking For Mr. Goodbar* seems prudish. It should be mentioned that never has a "silent" film had such a rich aural texture. The sync and voice-over tracks are works of art in themselves, the non-programmatic use of Berg's opera is inspired, and Werner Jepson has contributed a haunting percussive score that perfectly augments the film's obsessive nature. (Distributor: Ronald Chase, 1477 Folsom St., San Francisco, CA 94103 USA.)

I also enjoyed Peter Weir's *The Last Wave* (Australia) a powerful aborigine voodoo movie starring a grown-up David Gulpilil from Nick Roeg's *Walkabout,* by the maker of the much-heralded but little-seen *Picnic at Hanging Rock.* Claudia Weill's *Girlfriends* (USA), a brilliant "woman's film," reveals *The Turning Point* to be the piece of trash that it is. Jan Troell's *Bang* (Sweden), a radical stylistic departure for him, is visually stunning and highly experimental. Pal Sandor's *A Strange Role* (Hungary) features a WWI refugee in drag, looking entrancingly like Mick Jagger playing Audrey Hepburn. The committee rejected Paul Verhoeven's epic *Soldier of the Queen,* but I liked its sweeping energy and nostalgic tone.

***Gene Youngblood** is the author of* Expanded Cinema. *His new book,* The Videosphere, *will be published this year by E.P. Dutton & Co.*

LETTER FROM SOUTH AFRICA

Eric Liknaitzky

In Johannesburg around 1970 there must have been a mere half dozen small 16mm film libraries that hired out films to individuals for screening at home. It was a modest business to be in; no big dividends. If you had a print of *Pollyanna* or *55 Days at Peking* you could hire it out to Mr. so-and-so for the weekend for about $10. If he needed a projector too it would cost him perhaps another $5. For the customer it was fairly costly, but the occasional kid's birthday party or wedding anniversary sometimes warranted a slight indulgence. It was, after all, quite exciting to have the likes of Hayley Mills or Charlton Heston up on your living room wall.

It was around this time that one of these small film libraries acquired a print, wittingly or unwittingly, of Stanley Kramer's *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner.* This would not be significant were it not for the fact that the film, at that time, was considered "undesirable" in terms of certain legislation, and banned. Another significant fact was that this particular film library was hiring out the film not for $10 or $15, but a whopping $25 a night. And now for the most important fact of all: the film was booked out every night for three or four months ahead.

When, not long after this, prints of *Groupie Girl, The Grasshopper* and *Carnal Knowledge* (all banned) started doing the rounds, it became clear that there was a huge demand for films that were prohibited from being screened on the commercial circuits. A loophole in the law existed at the time, which allowed for "private" screenings (in one's home for example, where no entrance fee is charged) of films not passed by the Publications Control Board (PCB).

By the summer of 1971 Johannesburg was dotted with no less than sixty film libraries, all flourishing. Most carried about 15% banned material (mostly poor soft-porn movies which the local white bourgeoisie lapped up) while the rest of their stock, while not banned, were not cut to the Publications Control Board's specifications.

Johannesburg's northern suburbs were dizzy with delight. After years of prohibition they were finally able to see bare breasts on the screen and hear Jack Nicholson say 'fuck.' It was unbelievable. Prices began to rocket. By the end of 1971 anyone wanting to see a black-and-white print of *Easy Rider* (still banned) had to cough up $40 or $50 a night. *Easy Rider* might be a bad example though. Most eyes were riveted on *Percy, The Gay Deceivers, The Statue* (since "unbanned") and *How to Succeed with Sex.*

It was inevitable that with the phenomenal mushrooming of this business, thousands of 16mm prints would find their way into the country. The demand for banned and uncut films also led to a demand for "home" movies of any kind. Home movies were becoming an institution.

Not surprisingly, the proprietors of these film libraries knew precious little about film. They were simply dealing in a commodity that could be divided into three distinct categories:

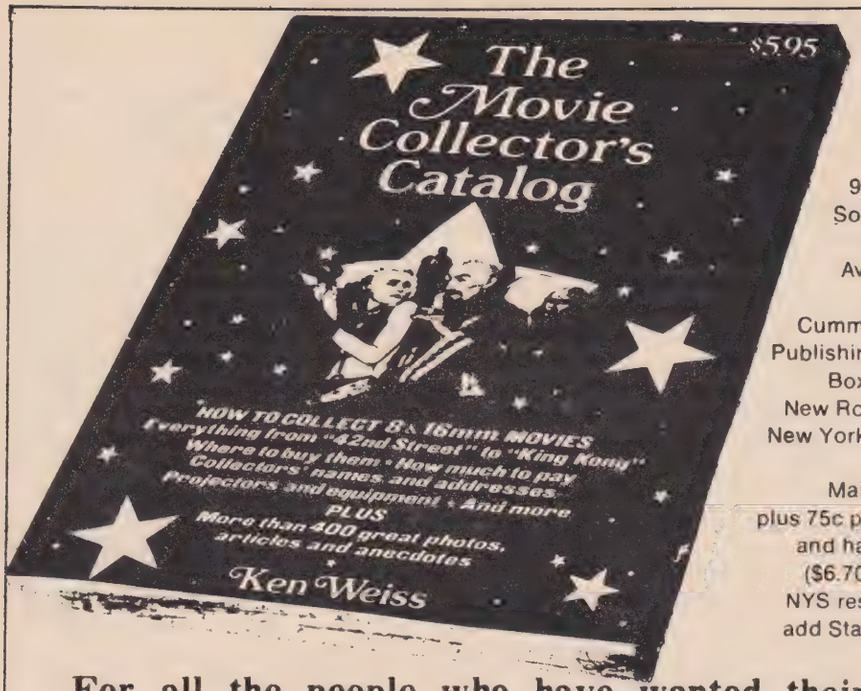
1) Banned Films: depending on the amount of nudity and foul language, a banned film could fetch up to $100 a screening. Films in this category: *The Liquorice Quartet, The Exorcist, Last Tango in Paris.*

2) 'Passed' but uncut films: the "best" uncut films could fetch $50 a night or more: *Vanishing Point* was a film that was passed by the PCB but was crucially cut.

3) Other films: These were the films that were neither banned nor uncut, simply "fillers." The fillers constituted the bulk of most libraries but they weren't, of course, the big money-makers.

It was from this last category that I managed during that period to see such gems as Losey's *The Prowler,* Coppola's *Dementia 13* (called *The Haunted and the Hunted* on the print I saw), Penn's *Mickey One* and Zinnemann's *The Men.*

So for all concerned the home-movie business was just marvellous. For the owners there was money beyond their wildest imaginings. For the average deprived cinemagoer there was sex and violence in unparalleled abundance. For the student of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THE REGULARS

film there was the chance of picking up almost anything. One could walk into a film library, scan the shelves, and come across a tatty box that reads *The Morgon* and underneath in smaller print David Warmer (sic) and Vanessa Redgrave. One's mind begins turning... could it be ...one turns to the blissfully ignorant proprietor... "What is this film about?" Back comes a wavering reply: "Oh that... well it's in black-and-white... it's very slow-moving and..." "Is this the film where someone dresses up as an ape?" I ask. "Ja, that's it." "I'll take it" I say, proud at having stumbled upon Karel Reisz's *Morgan—A Suitable Case for Treatment.* It happens to be banned, just by the way, but he wouldn't know that not having seen any naked bodies in the film. A similar incident: a film proprietor warning me that there was no "action" in *Juliet of the Spirits* (I took it anyway).

By mid-1974 the home-movie business had snowballed amazingly: there was at least one film library in every town in the country. At this time the country's largest film distributors began making countless claims of copyright infringements. Film libraries were often ahead of the cinemas in releasing films. *Love Story* was on the home-movie circuits before it hit the cinemas, resulting in the loss of thousands of dollars for the commercial distributors.

It was mind-boggling really. Here was South Africa, a filmic backwater, with a singularly impressive (by *any* standards) and vast collection of 16mm prints available to anyone who could get together $10 or $15 for a screening. How many Canadians, I wonder, have had the chance to see Karl Malden's *Time Limit,* Harry Kümel's *Daughters of Darkness* or Ben Hecht's *Angels over Broadway*? All these prints surfaced at one time or another during the home-movie boom.

That the government would finally clamp down on this "undesirable" state of affairs was never really a matter for speculation. The legislation was passed in mid-1975; it prohibited the screening of any films, privately or otherwise, unless they had been granted a certificate from the PCB. Overnight, hundreds of film libraries went out of business. And overnight a unique period in South Africa's cinema history came to an end. Only a few die-hard film libraries remain now, and their stock conforms strictly to PCB regulations.

In recent months the PCB have literally hacked *Annie Hall* to pieces and removed a total of one-sixth of the footage from *Valentino.* All this in the name of "Christian Nationalism." The Christian Nationalism that allows Steve Biko to die like a dog in a cell, that allows the daily starvation of infant children, while a pathetic minority "drink martinis and watch the sun rise."

What a shame.

Eric Liknaitzky is a writer and cinema operator based in Johannesburg. He is our South African correspondent.

A GUIDE TO FEATURE FILMS PRODUCED IN CANADA IN 1977

Prepared for Take One by D. John Turner. The assistance of the National Film Archives of Canada is gratefully acknowledged.

The following guide lists Canadian films of over 60 minutes on which principle photography was begun or completed in 1977.

Key:
Title; dates of first and last days of principle photography; and gauge (16mm or 35mm) and stock (colour or black and white)
lab: Laboratory responsible for negative processing
loc: Locations where shooting took place
studio: Studio facilities used
dial: Original language version
pc: Production company (or companies)
exec p: Executive producer
p: Producer
assoc p: Associate producer
d: Director
sc: Writer of the script or scenario
ph: Director of photography
ed: Editor
sn: Soundman
mus: Music
narr: Narration
lp: Leading players
(Tor): Toronto
(Mtl): Montreal
(Ott): Ottawa
(Van): Vancouver

UNE AMIE D'ENFANCE
1977 (Aug 22—Sep 9). 16mm Colour.
lab: Sonolab (Mtl); **loc:** Montreal, Duverney (P.Q.); **dial:** French; **pc:** Les Productions du Verseau, Inc.; **exec p:** Jean Salvy. **p:** Jean Salvy; **d:** Francis Mankiewicz; **sc:** Louis Sala, Louise Roy, based on their play; **ph:** François Gill; **ed:** Francine Saia; **lp:** Pauline Martin, Pauline Lapointe, Jean-Pierre Cartier, Jean-Guy Viau.

THE ADVENTURES OF FAUSTUS BIDGOOD
1977 (Jul 13—still shooting) 16mm Colour.
lab: Quinn Laboratories (Tor); **loc:** St. John's, Newfoundland; **dial:** English; **pc:** Faustus Bidgood Productions, Ltd.; **p:** Andy Jones, Mike Jones; **d:** Andy Jones, Mike Jones; **sc:** Andy Jones, Bob Joy, Mary Walsh; **ph:** Mike Jones; **ed:** Mike Jones; **mus:** Bob Joy; **lp:** Andy Jones, Greg Malone, Mary Walsh, Jane Dingle, Kevin Noble, Maisie Rillie, Bob Joy.

AMOUR
1977 (Sep 12—Oct 26). 16mm Colour.
lab: Bellevue-Pathé (Mtl); **loc:** Thetford Mines (P.Q.); **dial:** French: **pc:** Les Productions Prisma, Inc.; **exec p:** Claude Godbout; **p:** Claude Godbout, Marcia Couelle; **d:** Fernand Dansereau; **sc:** Fernand Dansereau and the people of Thetford Mines; **ph:** Guy Dufaux; **lp:** Non-professionals.

L'ANGE ET LA FEMME
1976 (Jan 12—Feb 21). 16mm BW
lab: Ron Hallis (Mtl) **loc:** Montreal; **dial:** French; **pc:** R.S.L. Productions, Ltd. (Mtl); **exec p:** Robert Lantos; **p:** Robert Lantos, Stephen J. Roth; **d:** Gilles Carle; **sc:** Gilles Carle; **ph:** François Protat; **sn:** Henri Blondeau; **ed:** Ophera Hallis; **mus:** Lewis Furey; **lp:** Carole Laure; Lewis Furey, Jean Contois, Joe Elsnor, Conrad Peterson, S. Roth, Steve Lack, Pierre Giard, Stephen Wohl, David Caissey, Réal Belzé-Belval, Jeanne Gagnon, J.-Léo Gagnon.

AVOIR 16 ANS
1977 (Dec 27)—1978 (Jan 20). 35mm Colour.
lab: Bellevue-Pathé (Mtl); **loc:** Montreal; **dial:** French; **pc:** Cinak; **p:** Marguerite Duparc; **d:** Jean-Pierre Lefebvre; **sc:** Jean-Pierre Lefebvre; Claude Paquette; **ph:** Guy Dufaux; **ed:** Marguerite Duparc; **sn:** Jacques Blain; **lp:** Aubert Pala, Patrick Puvion, Michèle Magny, Frédérique Collin.

BATTLEGROUND
1977 (Jul 3—Aug 21). 16mm Colour.
lab: Quinn Laboratories (Tor); **loc:** Mosport Park; **dial:** English; **pc:** Chetwynd Films, Ltd. (Tor) in association with Mosport Park Ltd. **p:** Bernard Kamin; **d:** Robin Chetwynd, Ed Mercel; **ph:** Duncan MacFarlane.

BLACKOUT
1977 (Nov 15—Dec 20). 35mm Colour.
lab: Bellevue-Pathé (Mtl); **loc:** New York, Montreal; **studio:** Panavision (Mtl); **dial:** English; **pc:** DAL Productions, Ltd. (Mtl), Les Productions Agora, (Mtl), Maki Film (Paris); **exec p:** John Vidette, André Link, John Dunning, Eddy Matalon, Ivan Reitman; **p:** Nicole Boisvert; **d:** Eddy Matalon; **sc:** John C.W. Saxton: **ph:** Jean-Jacques Tarbès; **ed:** Debra Karen; **lp:** Jim Mitchum, Robert Carradine, Belinda J. Montgomery, Ray Milland, Jean-Pierre Aumont, June Allyson, Don Granberry, Terry Haig, Victor Tyler.

BLOOD AND GUTS
1977 (Aug 22—Sep 23). 35mm Colour.
lab: Quinn Laboratories (Tor); **loc:** Brantford, Hamilton, Simcoe (Ont); **dial:** English; **pc:** Independent Pictures Inc. (Tor), Quadrant Film, Ltd.; **exec. p:** David Perlmutter; **p:** John Hunter, Peter O'Brian; **d:** Paul Lynch; **sc:** Joe McBride, Bill Gray, John Hunter; **ph:** Mark Irwin; **ed:** Bill Gray; **lp:** William Smith, Micheline Lanctôt, Henry Beckman, Brian Patrick Clarke, John McFedgen.

BLOOD RELATIVES
1977 (Jul 7—Aug 31). 35mm Colour.
lab: Sonolab (Mtl); **loc:** Montreal; **dial:** English; **pc:** Classic Film Industries, Ltd. (Mtl), Filmel (Paris), Cinévidéo, Inc. (Mtl); **exec p:** Julian Melzack; **p:** Denis Héroux, Eugène Lépicier; **d:** Claude Chabrol; **sc:** Sidney Banks, Claude Chabrol (from the book by Ed McBain); **ph:** Jean Rabier, **ed:** Yves Langlois; **mus:** Paul Jensen; **lp:** Donald Sutherland, Stéphane Audran, Micheline Lanctôt, Laurent Mallet, Aude Landry, Lise Langlois, David Hemmings, Donald Pleasence.

BORN IN MY EYES
1974 (Jul 15)—1977 (Dec 7). 16mm BW.
lab: Quinn Labs (Tor); **loc:** Kingston, Toronto; **dial:** English; **d:** Fernando Monte; **sc:** Fernando Monte; **ph:** Derek Redmond; **ed:** Derek Redmond; **lp:** Fernando Monte, Nigel Smith, Donna Asselstine, Charlotte Mathieu.

THE BEATLES AND BEYOND
1977. 16mm Colour & BW.
dial: English; **pc:** Entertainment Concepts, Ltd. (Tor); **p:** Chris Ward; **ed:** Chris Ward.

THE BEST OF THE ROLLING STONES
1977. 16mm Colour & BW.
dial: English; **pc:** Entertainment Concepts, Ltd. (Tor); **p:** Chris Ward; **ed:** Chris Ward.

BRIDGE OF LOVE
1977 (Jul 4—Aug 15). 35mm Colour.
lab: Film House; **loc:** Niagara on the Lake, Toronto; **dial:** English; **pc:** Tyagi Films, Ltd. (Tor); **p:** Robert Ryan, Janesh Dayal; **d:** S. Ramanathon; **sc:** Dr. Sheoraj Singh; **ph:** Robert Ryan, completed by Bob Carney; **ed:** Jim Lotte; **mus:** Hemant Kumar; **lp:** Shelley Homick, (Miss Teen Canada 76), Vinod Mehra, Jetendar, Maushmi Chatterji, Asrani.

COMME LES SIX DOIGTS DE LA MAIN
1977 (Jul 18—Aug 16). 16mm Colour.
lab: Bellevue-Pathé (Mtl); **loc:** Montreal; **dial:** French; **pc:** Les Productions Prisma, Inc. (Mtl); **exec p:** Marcia Couelle; **p:** Marcia Couelle, Claude Godbout; **d:** André Melançon; **sc:** André Melançon; **ph:** Guy Dufaux; **sn:** Jacques Blain; **ed:** André Melançon; **lp:** Eric Beauséjour, Daniel Murray, Sylvain Provencher, Philippe Bouchard, Caroline Laroche, Nancy Normandin, José Neves.

COUP D'ETAT
1977 (Aug 1—Sep 12). 35mm Colour.
lab: Medallion (Tor); **loc:** Toronto, Camp Borden, New York City; **dial:** English; **pc:** Magnum International Productions (Coup) Inc. (Tor), Cowry Productions Ltd. (London); **exec p:** Robert Cooper; **p:** Christopher Dalton, David Hemmings; **d:** Martyn Burke; **sc:** Martyn Burke from the book "Coup d'etat" by Edward Luttwak; **ph:** Ousama Rawi; **ed:** Stan Cole; **lp:** Peter O'Toole, David Hemmings, Donald Pleasence, Dick Cavett, Barry Morse, Marcella Saint-Amant, Chuck Shamata, Gary Reineke, Jon Granik, Eli Rill.

DEATH CHASE
1977 (Jan 15—Aug 11). 35mm Colour.
lab: Bellevue-Pathé (Mtl); **loc:** Montreal, Knowlton, Hemmingford, Rawden, Darwen Falls; **dial:** English; **pc:** Markent; **d:** Larry Kent; **sc:** Larry Kent; **ph:** Peter Czerski; **ed:** Richard Tassé; **lp:** Kevin McGrath, Sheena Graham, Scotty Sheridan, Pietro Bottelici, Karen Manning.

DERRIERE L'IMAGE
1976 (Nov 8)—1977 (March 18). 16mm Colour.
lab: National Film Board; **loc:** Montreal, France, Holland, England; **dial:** French; **pc:** National Film Board; **p:** Paul Larose; **d:** Jacques Godbout; **sc:** Jacques Godbout, Florian Sauvageau; **ph:** Jean-Pierre Lachapelle; **ed:** Werner Nold; **mus:** François Dompierre; **lp:** Documentary.

THE DISAPPEARANCE
1977 (Jan 15—Feb 25). 35mm Colour
lab: Quinn Laboratories (Tor); **loc:** Montreal, London; **studio:** Twickenham; **dial:** English; **pc:** Tiberius Film Productions, Ltd. (Tor), Trofar Ltd.; (London) **exec p:** Garth Drabinsky, Jame Mitchell; **ph:** Gerry Arbeid, David Hemmings; **d:** Stuart Cooper; **sc:** Paul Mayersberg (from the novel "Echoes of Celandine" by Derek Marlowe), Pru Emery, Bob Presner; **ph:** John Alcott; **lp:** Donald Sutherland, Francine Racette, David Hemmings, David Warner, John Hurt, Barbara Parkins, Christopher Plummer, Michèle Magney.

DRYING UP THE STREETS
1977 (Oct 11—Oct 27). 16mm Colour.
lab: Film House; **loc:** Toronto; **dial;** English; **pc:** Canadian Broadcasting Corporation; **p:** Ralph Thomas; **d:** Robin Spry; **sc:** B.A. Cameron; **ph:** Ken Gregg; **ed:** Myrtle Virgo; **mus:** Patrick Russell; **lp:** Don Francks, Len Cariou, Sarah Torgov, Calvin Butler, August Schellenberg, Frank Moore.

GAGNER SA VIE
1977 (Nov 28—Dec 23). 16mm Colour.
lab: Mont-Royal; **loc:** Montreal; **dial:** French; **pc:** Les Reines du Foyer Inc.; **exec p:** Gilles Lenoir; **d:** Luce Guilbaut; **sc:** Luce Guilbaut; **ph:** Serge Giguère; **ed:** Babalou Hamelin.

UNA GIORNATA PARTICOLARE (A SPECIAL DAY; UNE JOURNEE PARTICULIERE)
1976 (Dec 13)—1977 (Feb 18). 35mm Colour.
loc: Rome; **dial:** Italian; **pc:** Canafox Films Inc. (Mtl), Champion (Rome); **p:** Richard Hellman, Carlo Ponti; **d:** Ettore Scola; **sc:** Ruggero Maccari, Ettore Scola, Claude Fournier, Maurizio Constanzo; **ph:** Pasqualino De Santis; **ed:** Raimondo Crocian; **sn:** Carlo Palmieri, Jean-Michel Rouard; **mus:** Armando Trovaioli; **lp:** Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni, John Vernon, Françoise Berd, Nicole Magny, Patrizia Basso, Tiziano De Persio, Maurizio Di Paolantonio, Antonio Garibaldi, Vittorio Guerrieri, Alessandro Mussolini.

UN GRAND LOGEMENT
1977 (Feb 12—26) 16mm BW.
lab: Ron Hallis (Mtl); **loc:** Lévis, PQ; **dial:** French; **p:** Mario Bolduc; **d:** Mario Bolduc, Ginette Guay; **sc:** Mario Bolduc; **ph:** Richard Cliche; **ed:** Mario Bolduc; **sn:** Michel Gaboury; **lp:** Mario Davignon, Claire Bourbonnais, Geneviève Solomon, Nicole St-Pierre, Claude Champagne, Ginette Guay, Serge Dompierre.

LE GRAND REMUE-MENAGE
1977 (Aug 17—Oct 20). 16mm Colour.
lab: Bellevue-Pathé; **loc:** Montréal; **dial:** French; **pc:** Les Productions de l'envol, Le Centre d'essai Conventum; **exec p:** Régis Painchaud; **p:** Francine Allaire, Sylvie Groulx; **d:** Francine Allaire, Sylvie Groulx; **ph:** Bruno Carrière, Serge Giguère; **ed:** Jean Saulnier, Jean Gagné; **mus:** Conventum; **lp:** Documentary.

HIGHBALLIN'
1977 (Nov 21—Dec 31). 35mm Colour.
lab: Film House (Tor); **loc:** Toronto, Melton; **dial:** English; **pc:** Jon Slan Productions Inc.; **exec p:** Stanley Chase; **p:** Jon Slan; **d:** Peter Carter; **sc:** Paul Edwards; **ph:** René Verzier; **ed:** Eric Wraite; **lp:** Peter Fonda, Jerry Reed, Helen Shaver, Chris Wiggins, David Ferry, Mary Pirie, Wendy Thatcher, Christopher Langevin.

THE HIGHLAND REGIMENT OF CANADA
1975 (Aug 4)—1977 (Aug 2). 16mm Colour.
lab: Northern Motion Picture Lab-

oratories (Tor); **loc:** Across Canada; **dial:** English; **pc:** Summerhill Media, Ltd. (Tor) (for the Fraoch Eilean Canadian Foundation); **p:** Cyril G. Bursell; **d:** Ian A. Stuart; **sc:** Ian A. Stuart, Dennis Wincher; **ph:** Naohiko Kurita, William Dunn; **ed:** Allan Swayze; **narr:** Ian A. Stuart, John Cairney.

HOME TO STAY
1977 (Jul 4—Jul 25). 35mm Colour.
lab: Quinn Labs (Tor); **loc:** Toronto; **studio:** Lakeshore; **dial:** English; **pc:** D.W. Reid Film Corporation, Time-Life Films Inc. Productions, CFI Investments Inc.; **exec p:** David Susskind, Frederick Brogger; **p:** Donald W. Reid; **d:** Delbert Mann; **sc:** Suzanne Clauser (based on the book "Grandpa and Frank" by Janet Majerus); **ph:** Reginald Morris; **ed:** Kent Anthony; **mus:** Hagood Hardy, Mickey Erbe; **lp:** Henry Fonda, Michael McGuire, Frances Hyland, David Stambaugh, Pixie Bigelow, Louis Del Grande, Trudy Young, Doris Petrie, Eleanor Beecroft, James D. Morris, Sandra Scott, Kristen Vigard.

ILSA THE TIGRESS OF SIBERIA
1977 (Feb 24—Mar 28). 35mm Colour.
lab: Les Laboratoires de Film Québec (Mtl); **loc:** Montréal; **studio:** Panavision (Mtl); **dial:** English; **pc:** Mount Everest Enterprises; **p:** Julian Parnell; **d:** Jean Lafleur; **sc:** Marven McGara; **ph:** Richard Ciupka; **ed:** Debra Karjala; **lp:** Dyanne Thorne, Michel Morin, Jean-Guy Latour, Michel Maillot, Tony Angelo, Terry Coady, Joe Mattia, Sonny Forbes, Greg Gianis, Howard Mauer, Michel René Labelle, Gilbert Beaumont, Ray Landry, Terry Haig, Jacques Morin, Henry Gamer, Jorma Lindqvist, Gil Viviand, Anne Marie Guénette, Nicole Fortin, Bertha Pierre, Carole Péloquin, Carol Downs, Kirk McCall, Judy Galt, Lucie Hutching.

I, MAUREEN
1977 (Sep 27—Dec 16). 35mm Colour.
lab: Film House (Tor); **loc:** Toronto; **dial:** English; **pc:** I, Maureen Productions (Tor), Jandu Productions, Ltd. (Tor); **exec p:** Duane Howard, Phillip W. Speller; **p:** Duane Howard; **d:** Janine Manatis; **sc:** Janine Manatis, based on a short story by Elizabeth Spencer; **ph:** Marc Champion; **sn:** Owen Langevin; **ed:** Kirk Jones; **mus:** Hagood Hardy; **lp:** Colleen Collins, Michael Ironside, Robert MacKay, Barry Greenwald, D. Brian Damude, Diane Bigelow.

I MISS YOU, HUGS AND KISSES
1977 (Oct 3—Nov 11), 16mm Colour.
lab: Quinn Labs (Tor); **loc:** Toronto; **dial:** English; **pc:** Paradise Films, Ltd. (Tor); **p:** Murray Markowitz, Charles Z. Markowitz; **d:** Murray Markowitz; **sc:** Murray Markowitz; **ph:** Don Wilder; **lp:** Elke Sommer, Donald Pilon, Chuck Shamata, George Touliatos, Cindy Girling, Cec Linder, George Chuvalo.

IN PRAISE OF OLDER WOMEN
1977 (Sep 12—Oct 18). 35 Colour.
lab: Bellevue-Pathé (Mtl); **loc:** Montreal; **dial:** English; **pc:** R.S.L. Productions, Ltd., Astral Bellevue-Pathé, Ltd.; **exec p:** Stephen J. Roth, Harold Greenberg; **p:** Robert Lantos; **Assoc p:** Howard R. Lipson; **d:** George Kaczender; **line p:** Claude Héroux; **sc:** Paul Gottleib, based on the book by Stephen Vizinczey; **ph:** Miklos Lente; **ed:** George Kaczender; **lp:** Karen Black, Susan Strasberg, Tom Berenger, Alexandra Stewart, Louise Marleau, Marilyn Lightstone, Helen Shaver, Marianne McIsaac, Susan Watson, Ian Tracey.

THE INQUIRY FILM
1976 (Jul 10)—1977 (Apr 8). 16mm Colour.
lab: Production Film Makers Associates Ltd., (Tor); **loc:** Northwest Territories, Calgary, Edmonton, Ottawa, Toronto, Vancouver; **dial:** English; **pc:** Inquiry Films, Ltd. (Van); **p:** Arthur Pape; **d:** Jesse Nishihata; **ph:** Robert Reece; **ed:** Joe Solway; **sn:** Ken Pappes.

JUST JESSIE
1977 (Sep 19—Oct 27). 35mm Colour.
lab: Film House (Tor); **loc:** Charlottetown, P.E.I., Toronto; **dial:** English; **pc:** D.W. Reid Film Corporation, Inc.; **p:** Donald W. Reid; **d:** Bert Salzman; **sc:** Bert Salzman; **ph:** Robert Ryan; **ed:** Michael MacLaverty; **mus:** Hagood Hardy; **lp:** Hollis McLaren, Nicholas Campbell, Irena Mayeska, Wenna Shaw, Sydney Brown, Roger Periard, Marcella Saint-Amant, Maury Chaykin, William Mitchell, George Buza, Buddy Fehrens.

KINGS AND DESPERATE MEN
1977 (Dec 5—Dec 29). 35mm Colour.
lab: T.V.C. (New York); **loc:** Montreal; **dial:** English; **pc:** Kineversal Productions, Inc. (Videofilm Productions, Ltd); **p:** Robert Ménard; **p:** Alexis Kanner; **d:** Alexis Kanner; **sc:** Edmund Ward; Alexis Kanner; **ph:** Paul Van Der Linden; **ed:** Alexis Kanner; **mus:** Michel Robidoux; **lp:** Margaret Trudeau, Patrick McGoohan, Andrea Marcovicci, Alexis Kanner, Dave Patrick, Robin Spry.

LEOPARD IN THE SNOW
1977 (Jan 31—Mar 11). 35mm Colour.
lab: U.K. **loc:** London, Duntroon, nr. Collingwood, Ont.; **dial:** English; **pc:** Harlequin Enterprises, Ltd. (Tor), Intercom Films Ltd. (Tor), Seastone Productions, Ltd. (UK); **exec p:** W. Lawrence Heisey; **p:** John Quested, Chris Harrop; **d:** Gerry O'Hara; **sc:** Anne Mather, Jill Hyem (based on the novel "Leopard In The Snow" by Anne Mather) **ph:** Michael Reed; **lp:** Keir Dullea, Susan Penhaligon, Jeremy Kemp, Gordon Thomson, Kenneth More, Billie Whitelaw.

MARGINALISATION URBAINE
1976 (Nov 15)—1977 (Mar 1). 16mm BW & Colour.
lab: National Film Board; **loc:** Mexico; **dial:** Spanish; **pc:** National Film Board, CineDiffusion SEP (Mexico; **p:** Jacques Gagné; **d:** Maurice Bulbulian; **ph:** Bojorquez; **ed:** Maurice Bulbulian.

MARIE-ANNE
1977 (Sept 19—Oct 17). 35mm Colour
lab: Alpha Cine Service (Van); **loc:** Fort Edmonton, Alberta; **dial:** English; **pc:** Motion Picture Corporation of Alberta, Ltd.; **exec p:** William Davidson; **p:** Fil Fraser; **d:** Martin Walters; **sc:** George Salverson (from the book by Marjorie Morgan); **ph:** Reginald Morris; **ed:** Stanley Frazen; **lp:** Andrée Pelletier, John Juliani, Tantou Martin, Gordon Tootoosis, Bill Dawson, David Schurmann, Linda Kupachek.

LA MENACE
1977 (Apr 5—Jul 8). 35mm Colour.
lab: Alpha Cine Service (Van) (developed work print); **loc:** France, Canada; **dial:** French; **pc:** Canafox Films Inc. (Mtl), Les Productions du Daunou (Paris), Viaduc Productions (Paris); **exec p:** Denise Petitdidier; **d:** Alain Corneau; **sc:** Alain

continued on p. 61

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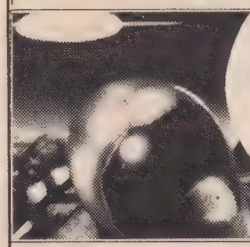

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BOOKS

NEWS

Saving the West

Watch for Robert Redford's *The Outlaw Trail: A Journey Through Time* (Grosset & Dunlap). The result of a three-week trip (by van, on horseback and on foot) along what remains of an almost foolproof escape route that used to run from the Canadian to the Mexican border, it is a fascinating amalgam of diary, photographs, conversations, drawings and reflections from a man who cares passionately about the West and preserving its rapidly-vanishing heritage.

New Publications

The American Film Institute (The J.F.K. Center for the Performing Arts, Washington, D.C. 20566) has added six new titles to their *Factfile,* a continuing series of reference publications about film and television. Write for a complete listing of these 8½" x 11" brochures ($3 apiece).

Vol. 1 No. 1 of *Millennium Film Journal* is now out — the first issue of a new quarterly journal devoted to avant garde cinema. Articles and reviews (as well as subscriptions) are solicited at Millennium Film Workshop, 66 East 4th Street, New York, NY 10003 (212-673-0090).

Two books from The Academy of Motion Picture Arts & Sciences (8949 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211): The first is *50 Golden Years of Oscar: The Official History of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts & Sciences* (300 pages, hard cover, $19.95, lots of illustrations as well as listings of winners and a comprehensive index). Their other title is a two-volume inventory of the Paramount Pictures Collection — all 949 linear feet of it (an estimated 200,000 individual photographs, plus scripts, press books, etc.). This listing sells for $22.50.

We don't usually plug film distributors' catalogues in this space, but the 1978-79 *Kit Parker Films catalog* is something (as they say) else. Its 319 pages contain hundreds of film descriptions that are often works of impressive scolarship (the write-up of Joseph Strick's version of *Ulysses* is over 1000 words long), and there are special sections on Black Cinema, Documentaries, Fantasy / Horror / Sci-Fi, Animation, etc. Best of all, the catalogue is free, from Kit Parker Films, Carmel Valley, CA 93924 (408-659-3474).

Congratulations!

We do like to see our contributors getting ahead in the world, so it is with particular delight that we note the impending publication (by St. Martin's) of *Murder on the Yellow Brick Road,* a second novel by our long-time author / critic Stuart Kaminsky. (The book starts when Judy Garland finds a murdered Munchkin on the set of *The Wizard of Oz* and Louis B. Mayer hires a private-eye to find the killer.)

In quite another field, we are bemused to note the appointment of one-time *Take One* contributor Paul Krassner as publisher of *Hustler.*

It's All Rights Ma, I'm Only Filming:

James Neal Harvey has written *The Girl with the Golden Hair,* about a girl who starts out as a model and goes on to become the star of a TV series. Now Martin Ransohoff will produce the screen version for Columbia. (Before he became a "novelist," Harvey was president of an ad agency that just happened to work a lot with Farrah Fawcett-Majors.)

Paramount has optioned *Inside Moves,* about a group of crippled men who hang out in a bar.

Renee Valente and singer / actor David Soul have tied up film rights to Elmore Leonard's forthcoming novel, *Juvenal.*

Otto Preminger has acquired screen rights to Graham Greene's new spy drama, *The Human Factor,* and hopes to start shooting in London and Africa later this summer.

REVIEWS

Hitchcock's British Films by Maurice Yacowar. Archon Books 1977. $17.50 cloth. (In Canada: Pendragon House, $21.00).

Maurice Yacowar's book can be read as complement / corrective to Robin Wood's arrogantly titled *Hitchcock's Films* (which dealt in detail, in its first edition, with seven out of forty-nine, virtually ignoring the entire British output). Yacowar refers on his first page to Wood's "truly seminal study;" his book shares many of the faults and limitations of Wood's book, as well as its virtues. The central problem in doing justice to Yacowar is that so much has happened in film criticism since Wood wrote *Hitchcock's Films,* and Yacowar takes no account of this. Indeed, he explicitly sidesteps it:

"there might be some objection to the kind of analysis given the films in these pages. But then, there are so many approaches possible to a lively film that no analysis can pretend to comprehensiveness. The social and political contexts of the films I have been content to leave to Raymond Durgnat's valuable study. Instead, I intend to analyze the way each film works within itself as a drama of themes and devices."

In other words, we are back very firmly with the practical criticism / close reading / auteur school of film criticism that flourished in the 60s and is now generally regarded as obsolete.

The great overall lesson that the progress of film criticism over the past decade has to teach is that an analysis which ignores the "social and political contexts" within which a film was made is certain to be impoverished and likely to be misleading. (For "social and political contexts" one might wish to substitute the broader term "ideology.") A work of art is the product not only of an individual artist but of the culture to which the artist belongs. *Auteur* criticism performed valuable services in concentrating attention on the detail of a film text, in uncovering recurrent themes and motifs from film to film, and in insisting on the possibility of personal work within the previously intellectually unrespectable commercial cinema. Its limitations, however, have become increasingly apparent over the years: a tendency to reduce the significance of a film to what its "creator" can be argued to have put into it; a tendency to remove work and artist from time, place and history. Auteurism fosters the temptation to fall from criticism into "appreciation" — instead of attempting to define the nature of a given work, the critic tells us what is good about it. A kind of idolatry sets in so that, while acknowledging the occasional failures (on grounds of "intractable material" etc.), the critic forfeits any overall view of the artist's limitations, which define him as surely as his qualities. There is also the problem of how to ground one's interpretations, with nothing but one's own response to the work as guide (both work and response somehow existing in that vacuum wherein "immortal" art is "appreciated"): interpretations, lacking adequate contextualization (which would involve looking beyond work and author to the ideology within which they operate), become dubious, strained, arbitrary. Wood fell into all these traps, and now Yacowar falls in on top of him.

Yacowar's book is, nonetheless, distinguished, the product of an acute, probing intelligence. The analyses are always interesting and perceptive, sometimes brilliant (*Blackmail, Murder!, Sabotage*). I have learned a lot from the book; it has made the British films live for me as they didn't before (even works I confess I

had found quite uninteresting, like *The Farmer's Wife*). The book is most impressively researched, in terms of the investigation of source material, with meticulous attention paid to the significant minutiae of adaptation. What I miss is any clear sense of the culture that defines, determines and limits both source-books and films. This may be partly because I am British: the values and assumptions that circumscribe the films are roughly those that oppressed and constricted me as I grew up. If a case is to be made (as it clearly can be, in many instances) that the films subvert these values even in the act of expressing them, it needs to be argued in more precise terms than Yacowar's discussion of whether Hitchcock is conservative, liberal, radical, anarchic, etc. It is the working of the film-texts that needs to be analyzed, rather than simply Hitchcock's work as creative artist.

Finally, it is necessary to point out some mistakes, all of them occurring in references to the American period. Yacowar has Gregory Peck (not Leo G. Carroll) shoot himself at the end of *Spellbound* (page 80). I don't think Mrs. Bates in *Psycho* can be described simply as "innocent" (page 258), unless Yacowar thinks the psychiatrist ("She was a clinging, demanding woman," etc.) is lying. Arbogast in *Psycho* curiously becomes Bogardus on page 259. The title of *Vertigo*'s source novel, " 'D' entre les morts," can scarcely be rendered as "Between Two Deaths" (same page). On page 265 Marnie's horse Forio is renamed Florio, an error perhaps inherited from Raymond Durgnat. I have noticed no errors in Yacowar's accounts of the British films. That may be because he is more familiar with them than with the American period, or because I am much less so; I am ready to give him the benefit of the doubt.

Robin Wood

***Robin Wood** is Chairman of the Department of Fine Arts, Atkinson College, York University, and author of* Hitchcock's Film's.

The Proust Screenplay by Harold Pinter with the collaboration of Joseph Losey. Grove Press. 1977. $10.00 and $3.95. (In Canada: Random House, $12.25 and $4.95).

It used to be that certain novels were, usually for moral reasons, declared impossible for filming. In the 1950s such a declaration would instantly encourage some Hollywood director to rise to the challenge, clean up the plot and film the unruly project! Hence hot after the filming of *From Here to Eternity* and *Peyton Place* came the rumour that Jerry Wald was about to film Marcel Proust's monumental *A la recherche du temps perdu* (*Remberance of Things Past* in the remarkable Scott Moncrieff translation). The problems in this case did indeed seem insurmountable, for not only do about 80% of the characters in this seven-volume *roman-fleuve* indulge sooner or later in some aspect of homosexual love, but also Proust's narrator plays fast and loose enough with time and memory that the usually coherent Hollywood time-sequence would demand nothing less than the inventiveness of a *Citizen Kane* structure.

We are doubtless all fortunate that the Wald project never came to fruition. However, by the early 1970s homosexuality was no longer a taboo cinema subject and the temporal experiments of *Last Year at Marienbad* (and its spin-offs) were a dozen or so years old. Suddenly not one but two different projects to film *A la recherche* were announced by two of the most acclaimed directors of 1971's Cannes festival, fresh from films that looked suspiciously like dry-runs for the Proust enterprise.

It was Visconti's *Death in Venice*, of course, with its unrequited love of a decadent artist for a beautiful young boy in a Belle-Epoque resort that thematically promised most clearly the Proustian world of perversion and jealousy. And the Venetian Lido could pass as a mirror-image of Proust's Balbec. How could the Visconti version of *A la recherche* fail to be a winner?

But certainly Joseph Losey's warm-up with *The Go-Between* (script by Harold Pinter) could not be discounted. Had Losey not also captured time past in a beautifully-photographed story of a young boy's painful coming-to-awareness through confrontation with the sensuous desires of his elders? The theme was equally Proustian; moreover, the question of time as an enemy was perhaps even more clearly expressed than in *Death in Venice* through the literal return of its now middle-aged hero to search out the secrets of his past, climaxed by a visit to the now aged heroine of that summer's bitter idyll. Sprinkled with flash-forwards, the Losey film provided controversial innovative experiments in temporal structure worthy of the epithet "Proustian".

In 1972, by the time it was announced that Harold Pinter had agreed to write the screenplay of Losey's *A la recherche*, it was also being rumoured that Garbo had consented to play his Queen of Naples. It seemed suddenly that a race had been launched to film the Proust masterpiece.

Like the Wald project, both of these ventures seemed to have come to naught, until the publication this year of Pinter's *The Proust Screenplay*. If no film ever comes from the Pinter-Losey collaboration, there is still reason for rejoicing, for Pinter's adaptation is a fascinating study for fans and scholars of each of Losey, Pinter and Proust.

Readers of Proust will, of course, be first of all interested in learning just what Pinter kept from the voluminous novel and what he threw away. Most will be happy that Pinter has opted to view *A la recherche du temps perdu* as a single work and adapt the essence of all seven volumes rather than select one or two. Thus we find all the familiar places: Combray, Balbec, Paris, Doncières and Venice; the salons of the Verdurins, the Guermantes, and Madame de Sainte-Euverte, and the brothel of Jupien. The Swanns, Françoise, the Baron de Charlus, Robert de Saint-Loup, Rachel, Albertine and "les jeunes filles en fleurs" are all here, even if Aunt Léonie, Uncle Adolphe, la Berma, Bloch and Bergotte have all had to be sacrificed to expediency.

Best of all, Pinter has respected the thematic importance of the final volume, *Le Temps retrouvé*, in which Proust's narrator-hero, Marcel, finds at a reception of the Prince de Guermantes a gathering of the decaying survivors of the world that he has just described in the preceeding volumes. The reader learns that these volumes have been written in an attempt to defy time by capturing the past in an artistic work. Several incidents at the reception involuntarily recall for Marcel specific moments from his past. Pinter highlights them by beginning the film with the same shots of time regained and intersplicing them throughout the film. They are thus to be immortalized in film as in print.

Pinter is, of course, not altogether accurate in claiming in his introduction that *Le Temps retrouvé,* the 7th volume in the series, was the second volume in order of composition. By 1914, Proust had in fact written a three-volume version of his novel with the titles *Du côté de chez Swann, Le Côté de Guermantes* and *Le Temps retrouvé*. After the publication of the first volume (at the author's expense) in 1914, the First World War delayed further publication until five years later, by which time the original middle volume had expanded like Topsy into five. In any case, throughout all the volumes, the two paths which Marcel and his family could take on Sunday walks — in the direction of Charles Swann's estate or towards the Château de Guermantes — seemed to remain inseparable until the final pages when their undeniable union would manifest itself best in the person of Mlle de Saint-Loup, the offspring of Gilberte Swann and of a Guermantes (Robert de Saint-Loup). Pinter has rightly seen the symbolic importance of Mlle de Saint-Loup and emphasizes her meeting with Marcel at the Guermantes reception. The Twentieth Century has broken down many of the caste distinctions of the Belle Epoque and, for better or worse, flaunted its democratization in a creature of beauty.

The Proustian touch which is necessarily missing here is the style of his sometimes page-long convoluted sentences. Some will not regret this. All that is left is dialogue, which seems to have lost most of its style in the interests of functional exposition or basic character revelation. Dr. Cottard, for instance, has become so totally bereft of his

characteristic verbal allusions, that it is left up to the director and the actor assigned the role to add those mannerisms that create character.

And what of the Pinter touches? Thematically we recognize at once the seductive power of footmen over the aristocrats reminiscent of *The Servant*, and the Grand Guignol display at the final reception recalls Julie Christie's aged woman at the end of *The Go-Between*. The recurring studies of jealousy could come from *Accident*, and the meaningfully veiled dialogue between Marcel and Charlus is reminiscent of *The Homecoming* or *No Man's Land*. But the attempt to capture action spanning the years between 1879 and 1921 in one standard-length feature film has robbed the script of the meandering, fully-developed devious communication which we associate with Pinter's world.

The film is structured in associational juxtapositions of shots and scenes from any or all periods of the narrator's past. The beginning of the film would be particularly mind-boggling to those uninitiated to the world of Proust, for within 60 shots, the audience would be subjected to about a dozen time periods, about as many settings, and twice as many characters. Later in the film — especially in the Albertine episodes — the pace appears to slow down and become more consecutive. But there is little doubt that the challenge to the prospective viewer has been a prime reason for discouraging potential financial backers of the film.

The mere fact of publication of Pinter's adaptation attests not only to its brilliance but also to Pinter's renown, for how many unfilmed scenarios have been previously published? (Only some scripts of James Agee spring automatically to mind.) It is probably safe to assume that some day it *will* be filmed. Just as we hope that it will be directed by a man as attuned to Pinter as Losey has proven to be, let us pray that it will be kept safely out of the itchy grasp of a Ken Russell.

Cameron Tolton

***Cameron Tolton** teaches a course on American cinema at the University of Toronto.*

Six Guns and Society by Will Wright. University of California Press. 1975 (paperback 1977). $10.00 and $3.95. (In Canada: $11.50 and $5.25).

Most will agree that the western has been the most popular film genre in America. From its roots in Cooper's *Leatherstocking Tales* and Wister's *The Virginian* to its success in movies, radio, and TV, the western, more than any other form except perhaps the gangster genre, has constituted an ideal mythic structure within which popular artists can treat the cultural tensions and concerns of American society.

Because it has been such a popular form, the western provides an ideal area of study for those interested in the relationship between popular films and society. Both Jim Kitses' *Horizons West*, which studied the westerns of three American directors, and John Cawelti's *Six-Gun Mystique*, which defined the central narrative elements of the western formula, were serious and admirable attempts to examine this relationship.

More recently, another book along the same lines has appeared: first published in 1975, Will Wright's *Six Guns and Society* is now available in paperback. A sociologist, Wright mixes structuralism, economic history, and sociology to analyze the western film since 1930. The breadth of his approach is emphasized by a list of the scholars from whose insights he draws: Kenneth Burke, Vladimir Propp, Jurgen Habermas, John Kenneth Galbraith, and Claude Levi Strauss.

The book is subtitled "A Structural Study of the Western," and Wright says that he's interested in "how the myths of a society relate to its social actions and institutions." Though he shares Levi Strauss' argument that myths are structured by basic polarities—such as good / bad or civilization / nature—Wright wants also to identify how myths provide models of action and attitude to those who experience it. Further, he seeks to demonstrate that changes in the western myth coincide with changes in the social and economic structure of the United States since 1930.

To do this, Wright studies westerns which have grossed $4 million or more, discerning four structural patterns. These he calls the classical plot, the vengeance variation, the transition theme and the professional plot. The first two were both popular until the early 50s, the third occurred in the 50s and the final one was dominant from the late 50s to the present.

The classical plot and its vengeance variation include many familiar westerns: *Shane, Dodge City, Duel in the Sun* (all classical); and *Stagecoach, Red River, The Searchers* (all vengeance). In the classical plot the hero is a rugged individualist with special talents who uses his strength to successfully defend a weak society against powerful villains. In the vengeance variation the same structure is apparent, except that the hero leaves society to right a wrong, then returns at the conclusion of his mission. According to Wright, the classical plot reveals and resolves the contradictory messages inherent in a capitalistic market society: to prize social value like family, love, and equality on the one hand, but to look out only for one's self-interest on the other. The western, by endorsing a hero who is independent of society but who helps defend its existence and values, offers a way out of this dilemma.

The transition theme marks a half-way point between the classical and professional plots and is represented by only three films: *High Noon, Johnny Guitar,* and *Broken*

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BOOKS

Arrow. In this theme the hero begins in society but is driven out because he defends a weaker group against that society. At the end of the film the heroine and hero are together, outside society. Because society is defined in such films as bad rather than good (as in the classical plot), the transition theme is an important stepping stone from the classical to the professional plot.

Such movies as *Rio Bravo, The Professionals, The Wild Bunch* and *Butch Cassidy* all exhibit the structure of the professional plot. In it, the lone hero of the classical plot is a group of professionals united by technical proficiency rather than social values. Their male camaraderie is important, as is the preparation for and execution of the big battle. Wright notes that the popularity of the professional plot parallels the rise of a corporate economic structure in America after World War II, arguing that the social types and attitudes expressed in the professional plot explain and reinforce behaviour and attitudes currently dominant in American society.

How successful is the book? The strengths, I think, are three. First, its assumption that mythic narratives are closely related to social structure clearly deserves further attention. Second, the model of narrative analysis, which Wright develops with the help of Propp's study of Russian folk tales, may help cultural critics of the popular arts. Like John Cawelti, Wright correctly observes that the cultural significance of a popular film is not to be found in a single theme, but instead is embedded in the entire structure of the work. Finally, at least from my understanding of westerns, the description of the classical plot and the transition theme are quite sound.

The major failure of the book comes when Wright analyzes the professional plot. Though *The Wild Bunch* fits neatly, *Butch Cassidy* seems forced into the pattern, rather like a bulky blanket being stuffed into an already full suitcase. As Wright himself admits, *Little Big Man*—a tremendously successful film—simply embarrasses his categories. And since 1972, the endpoint of his study, three westerns have had as much or more impact than *Little Big Man: Billy Jack, The Trial of Billy Jack,* and *Jeremiah Johnson*. None remotely resembles professional plot westerns, yet the hegemony of corporate America has if anything strengthened since 1972.

One possible reason for this weakness is that Wright did not pay enough attention to the change in the western's audience from the 40s to the 60s: from a mass audience of all ages to a much more specialized one of young people. To assume that a myth speaks equally well to the concerns of everyone in society when only a specialized part of that society "consumes" the myth seems a fundamental intellectual error. Only by adding the dimension of cultural values to an analysis of social structure could Wright's book have been completely successful.

Chuck Maland

***Chuck Maland** teaches English at Lake Forest College. His book* American Visions, *a study of Chaplin, Ford, Capra and Welles, was published last year.*

BOOKS IN BRIEF

FILM AND SOCIETY:

Hollywood's endemic machismo is dissected by Joan Mellen in a sharply factual book, **Big Bad Wolves.** Her study, solidly buttressed by examples from many films, views the supercharged virility instilled into male roles as a deliberate camouflage of the basically violent nature of much of American culture. This is interpretive social history at its best, an entertaining and provocative work of creative research (Pantheon $12.95) (In Canada: Random House $15.95).

A perceptive study of film as a social, historic and economic fact, and an analysis of its structures, are achieved in **Sociologie du cinéma** by Pierre Sorlin; a challenging appraisal of our understanding of the medium and its value as a mirror of our times (Aubier / Flammarion, Paris FF58.00).

In **The March of Time 1935-1951,** Raymond Fielding impressively traces the history of that unique journalistic phenomenon which, first on radio and then on film, recreated in fast-paced and highly dramatic style the threatening realities of a turbulent period (Oxford U. Press $14.95) (In Canada: Dent $17.25).

The work of jazz musicians who either appeared on screen or contributed to the sound track of some 2500 films produced between 1917 and 1977, is covered in David Meeker's **Jazz in the Movies.** This unique and exhaustive guide, arranged by film title, includes short film synopses and essential music and production data (Arlington $12.95) (In Canada: Dent $15.95).

Edited by Peter Cowie with his usual flair and competence, the 1978 edition of **International Film Guide** offers a comprehensive and reliable overview of world film production, services and facilities. It covers 50 countries, reviews 82 significant new movies, selects 5 "directors of the year" and includes a substantial television section (Barnes $6.95) (In Canada: Burns & MacEachern $7.75).

The evolution of the American film is charted in **Hollywood 1920-1970,** an updated, decade-by-decade collection, edited by Peter Cowie, of 5 previously published "decade" books by David Robinson, John

BOOKS

Baxter, Charles Higham, Joel Greenberg and Godron Gow (Barnes $25.00) (In Canada: Burns & MacEachern $31.00).

The careers of some 20 top Swedish performers are examined by Peter Cowie in **Films in Sweden: Stars and Players,** a broad survey that comments on social conditions and film industry practices while spotlighting the nature of acting performances (Barnes $7.95) (In Canada: Burns & MacEachern $8.95).

The twin aspects of the film viewer—consumer and seeker of an identity—are explored by Christian Zimmer in **Procès du spectacle,** a subtle appraisal of film's power in our "schizoid" society (PUF, Paris FF25.00).

FACETS OF THE CINEMA:

In **The Making of The Wizard of Oz,** Aljean Harmetz paints a broad, well-documented canvas of Hollywood in the mid-30s, a fascinating world in which film production was enmeshed in a vast web of intrigues, power struggles and feuds, and when it took MGM 2 years, 4 directors and 10 writers to make this all-time box office champion (Knopf $12.95) (In Canada: Random House $15.95).

The movie careers of famous fictional private eyes and their creators are recreated by Jon Tuska in **The Detective in Hollywood,** a scholarly, knowledgeable and entertaining historic study of an ever-popular genre (Doubleday $14.95) (In Canada: $17.50).

Swashbucklers of past and present are given their cinematic due by Jeffrey Richards in **Swordsmen of the Screen,** a well-illustrated and informative survey that runs the gamut from Douglas Fairbanks to Michael York (Routledge and Keegan Paul $17.95) (In Canada: General Publishing $24.95).

Roy Pickard has compiled in **The Oscar Movies: From A to Z** a list of the nearly 500 features that have won Academy Awards since 1927, providing the names of the winners in each category from performer to sound effects technician (Taplinger $14.50) (In Canada: Burns & MacEachern $18.75). Also about the Oscars, Richard Altman's entertaining quiz book **And the Envelope Please** will test your knowledge and tease your memory (Lippincott $7.95 / $3.95) (In Canada: McClelland & Stewart $7.95 / $4.75).

Miles Kreuger tells in **Show Boat** the fabulous story of the successive metamorphoses—novel to musical film—of Edna Ferber's 1920 best-seller. His research is monumental, his iconography exceptional and his style eminently readable (Oxford U. Press $25.00) (In Canada: McClelland & Stewart $23.00).

Leonard Maltin's encyclopedic familiarity with movie lore makes his **Hollywood Kids** an engaging and instructive collection of profiles. He discusses such once youthful performers as Jackie Coogan, Bonita Granville, Roddy McDowall and Jane Withers, and includes follow-ups on their adult careers (Popular Library $2.25) (In Canada: Barrdawn Sales).

CULT OF PERSONALITY:

Busby Berkeley, Howard Hawks, Mervyn Le Roy and John Huston are among the 19 directors profiled by William R. Meyer in **The Warner Brothers Directors.** Covering the silent era through the 60s, this broad survey knowledgeably examines an imposing group of talented craftsmen (Arlington $20.00) (In Canada: Dent $23.95).

In **The Films of George Pal,** Gail Morgan Hickman follows the filmmaker's career from his early puppet films to his spectacular sci-fi and fantasy epics (Barnes $17.50) (In Canada: Burns & MacEachern $22.00). Brent Maddock's **The Films of Jacques Tati** traces the origins of the French director / actor's comedies to the work of Chaplin, Keaton, Langdon, Lloyd and the early Gallic comedian Max Linder (Scarecrow $7.00).

The work and life of the pioneering avant-garde filmmaker, photographer and painter is assessed by art critic Arturo Schwarz in **Man Ray: The Rigour of Imagination.** Man Ray's work, with its uniquely original style, is comprehensively evaluated in this superb volume, richly illustrated in color and b&w. Schwarz stresses Ray's influence on the aesthetic development of his times (Rizzoli $35.00) (In Canada: Oxford U. Press $41.95).

Charles Higham's **Marlene** is an extraordinarily perceptive biography of Dietrich, which skillfully balances the twin aspects of her life—universal symbol of glamour and devoted mother and loyal friend. Facts are often blended with gossip in this candid and riveting book (Norton $9.95) (In Canada: McCloud $12.25).

Actor Curt Jurgens has written a candid and lively autobiography, **...et pas plus sage pour autant,** a rakish mixture of love affairs, war tragedies, financial ups-and-downs, with international film work punctuating his adventurous life (Laffont, Paris, FF49.00).

A moving and intimate biography, **Jack Benny,** written by his widow Mary Livingston and her brother Hilliard Marks (with Marcia Borie), pictures the comedian in his various roles as husband, father, friend and incomparable performer (Doubleday $10.00) (In Canada: McCloud $11.95).

In **Fred Astaire,** Michael Freedland offers a well documented and attractively written biography of the dancing performer, with many unusual sidelights on his private life (Grosset & Dunlap $14.95 / $7.95) (In Canada: McCloud $16.95).

George L. George

***George L. George,** an Academy Award winner, has for many years combined film directing and film book reviewing in France, Canada and the US.*

Two Gentlemen of Corleone

continued from page 43

The genius of the acting is in the way De Niro never simplifies Travis, never opting for mad dog or tormented shaman: he adheres to the impacted horror of a good man who acts terribly.

So often in films and novels characters master their own destiny, and make a lesson out of themselves. The bleak message of *Taxi Driver* is that real character has so much more momentum than self-awareness. De Niro, better than any other actor, shows the frightening speed with which energy veers from one motive or aim to another. The film might be entitled *Against Solitude,* so long as the struggle denies itself the cinema's commonest response to loneliness—self-pity. De Niro gave Travis the defiant dignity of a zoo animal relentlessly prowling in its arid, fabricated cage.

Travis and Jimmy Doyle are his great parts, but *Mean Streets* was training for them both and a clearer proof of his wildness. In that and Roger Corman's *Bloody Mama* he gave us a character so unpredictable and so attached to private voices as to be incoherent, a mess of spasm behaviour sustained only by his own rapture. That may be the vein of reality of character and understanding that movies now need. Jonny in *Mean Streets* is self-destructive if you want to moralise, crazy if you see it as a movie about purpose. But perhaps he is both of those, and still the most vital figure in the film—the life force if you need to sum it up, or profuse liveliness spilling over formal dramatic labels such as character.

By comparison, his Vito Corleone looks both professional and overawed, as if he felt unusual duty in having to create Brando's youth in so expensive and prestigious a film. It is a fine performance —sly, detailed, diffident and deeply in period—but it is actorly, and it may show the difference of working for so intelligent a man as Coppola compared with the kind of charged huddle he shares with Scorsese. De Niro may be headlong in a blind alley, and surely Scorsese needs to extend himself with another actor. Yet their three films together have manifested a kind of intense desperation that transcends the circumstances of New York. De Niro is already among the great screen presences, but only by virtue of a refusal to be appealing or wholesome that could end his career.

***David Thomson** is the author of* A Biographical Dictionary of Film, *and a frequent* Take One *contributor.*

BOOKS ON FILM: A CHECKLIST

New books dealing in whole or in part with the motion picture and issued, for the most part, in the English language by North American publishers; also new editions of out-of-print titles, and novels the significance of which transcends their fictional format. Canadian agents and prices (where differing from US publisher and price) are noted in brackets.

Abstract Film and Beyond. By Malcolm Le Grice. MIT Press 1977. 160 pp. $12.50 (H). A historical and theoretical survey of abstract filmmakers.

The All-Americans. By James Robert Parish and Don E. Stanke. Arlington 1977. 448 pp. $20.00 (H). (Dent, $23.95). Studies in depth of 7 leading actors.

America in the Dark. By David Thomson. Morrow 1977. 288 pp. $8.95 (H). (Gage, $10.95). A study of Hollywood's influence on culture.

An Actor Guide to the Talkies: 1965-1974. By Andrew A. Aros. Scarecrow 1977. 781 pp. $27.50 (H).

The Animated Raggedy Ann and Andy. By John Canemaker. Bobbs-Merrill 1977. 292 pp. $25.00 (H), $12.95 (P). (Thos. Allen, $32.95, $16.50). A detailed and expert look at the making of Richard Williams' animated feature.

Big U: Universal in the Silent Days. By I.G. Edmonds. Barnes 1977. 162 pp. $15.00 (H). (Burns & MacEachern, $18.50).

Billy Wilder in Hollywood. By Maurice Zolotow. Putnam 1977. 364 pp. $10.00 (H). (Longman, $11.75).

The Birth of Photography. By Brian Coe. Taplinger 1977. 144 pp. $9.95 (H). (Burns & MacEachern, $12.95). Technical development and social impact of the medium.

Blacks in Black and White. By Harry T. Sampson. Scarecrow Press 1977. 343 pp. $13.00 (H). A source book on Black films.

David Bowie! By Vivian Claire. Flash (Quick Fox) 1977. 80 pp. $3.95 (P). A biography of the pop singer and actor.

Cinema and Society. By Paul Monaco. Elsevier 1976. 194 pp. $9.95 (H). Films in France and Germany of the 1920s.

Collura: Actor with a Gun. By Bill Davidson. Simon & Schuster 1977. 221 pp. $7.95 (H). (Musson, $9.95). True story of an actor turned cop.

The Communications Revolution. By George N. Gordon. Hastings House 1977. 377 pp. $14.95 (H), $7.95 (P). (Saunders of Toronto, $18.75, $9.95). A history of mass media in the U.S.

Copyright. By Walter E. Hurst. Seven Arts Press 1977. 284 pp. $10.00 (P). A practical text on procedures in copyrighting creative work.

Current Developments in Copyright Law 1977. Practising Law Institute 1977. 2 Vols. 768 pp. and 712 pp. $20.00 (P). The new U.S. Copyright Law in re movies and other media.

Damned in Paradise. By John Kobler. Atheneum 1977. 401 pp. $12.95 (H). (McClelland & Stewart, $14.95). The life of John Barrymore.

Dark Dreams. By Charles Derry. Barnes 1977. 143 pp. $15.00 (H). (Burns & MacEachern, $18.50). Study of horror films.

John Denver. By Leonore Fleischer. Flash (Quick Fox) 1976. 80 pp. $3.95 (P). A biography of the popsinger and actor.

Detectionary. By Otto Penzler, Chris Steinbrunner & Marvin Lachman. Overlook Press 1977. 299 pp. $15.00 (H). (Penguin, $17.95). A biographical dictionary of leading characters in mystery fiction.

Early Women Directors. By Anthony Slide. Barnes 1977. 119 pp. $9.95 (H). (Burns & MacEachern, $12.95).

Edith the Good. By Spencer Marsh. Harper & Row 1977. 82 pp. $2.95 (P). A psychological portrait of actress Jean Stapleton as Edith in "All in the Family."

Eighty Years of Cinema. By Peter Cowie. Barnes 1977. 323 pp. $17.50 (H). (Burns & MacEachern, $22.00). A year-by-year survey of significant films through 1974.

Electronic Imaging Techniques. By Eli. L. Levitan. Van Nostrand Reinhold 1977. 195 pp. $17.95 (H), ($22.95). Computer-control of animation, opticals and editing.

Elvis: What Happened? By Red West, Sonny West, Dave Hebler as told to Steve Dunleavy. Ballantine 1977. 332 pp. $1.95 (P). Presley's life by his three bodyguards.

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The Family Movie-Making Book. By Jay Garon with Morgan Wilson. Bobbs-Merrill 1977. 249 pp. $10.95 (H). (Thomas Allen, $14.25). A how-to book.

Farrah. By Patricia Burstein. Signet 1977. 160 pp. $1.50 (P). (Har-Nal). All about the new film actress.

Film and / as Literature. By John Harrington. Prentice-Hall 1977. 364 pp. $8.95 (P). ($10.35). Literature's role in the development of the film medium.

Film as a National Art: NFB of Canada and the Film Board Idea. By C. Rodney James. Arno Press 1977. 760 pp. $43.00 (H).

Film Cinema Movie. By Gerald Mast. Harper & Row 1977. 299 pp. $17.50 (H). A theoretical discussion of the nature of film.

The Film Maker's Guide to Pornography. By Steven Ziplow. Drake 1977. 160 pp. $6.95 (P). (General, $8.75). A practical, knowledgeable manual.

The Films of Jacques Tati. By Brent Maddock. Scarecrow 1977. 185 pp. $7.00 (H).

The Great Science Fiction Pictures. By James Robert Parish and Michael R. Pitts. Scarecrow 1977. 390 pp. $15.00 (H). An analysis of some 350 top representatives of the genre.

The Gypsy in My Soul. By José Greco. Doubleday 1977. 279 pp. $10.00 (H). ($11.50). Memoirs of the dancer and occasional screen actor.

Handbook of Motion Picture Production. By William B. Adams. Wiley 1977. 352 pp. $17.95 (H). ($20.50).

Indian Films 1976. By B.V. Dharap. Motion Picture Enterprises, Pune, India 1977. 547 pp. Rs. 35 / -. A statistical record of the Indian film industry for the year 1976.

Inside "The Deep." By Peter Guber. Bantam 1977. 182 pp. $1.95 (P). How the film was made, written by its producer.

The Life and Legend of Gene Fowler. By H. Allen Smith. Morrow 1977. 320 pp. $10.00 (H). (Gage, $11.95). A biography of the newsman and scriptwriter.

The Making of Exorcist II: The Heretic. By Barbara Pallenberg. Warner 1977. 208 pp. $1.95 (P).

Memoirs of the Devil. By Roger Vadim. Harcourt Brace Jovanovitch 1977. 187 pp. $7.95 (H). (Longman, $10.50). The director's autobiography.

Monty. By Robert LaGuardia. Arbor 1977. 304 pp. $12.95 (H). (Clarke Irwin, $15.50). A biography of Montgomery Clift.

More From Hollywood! By DeWitt Bodeen. Barnes 1977. 356 pp. $15.00 (H). (Burns & MacEachern, $19.50). The glory of the good old days.

A Personal Book. By Dorothy Rodgers. Harper & Row 1977. 189 pp. $8.95 (H). (Fitzhenry & Whiteside, $10.95). Reminiscences of the wife of Broadway / Hollywood composer Richard Rodgers.

Cole Porter. By Charles Schwartz. Dial Press 1977. 365 pp. $9.95 (H). (Beaverbooks, $12.50). A biography of the composer, including his work in movies.

Richard and Elizabeth. By Lester David and Jhan Robbins. Funk & Wagnalls 1977. 242 pp. $8.95 (H). (Fitzhenry & Whiteside, $10.95). The Burton's biography.

The Road to Hollywood. By Bob Hope and Bob Thomas. Doubleday 1977. 271 pp. $12.50 (H). ($14.50). Reminiscences of 40 years of filmmaking.

Screen World 1977. By John Willis. Crown 1977. 255 pp. $12.95 (H). (General). Statistical and pictorial record of the year.

Script Continuity and the Production Secretary. By Avril Rowlands. Hastings House 1977. 160 pp. $6.95 (P).

Shakespeare on Film. By Jack J. Jorgens. Indiana University Press 1977. 337 pp. $15.00 (H). (Beaverbooks, $18.20).

Short Story / Short Film. By Fred H. Marcus. Prentice-Hall 1977. 447 pp. $8.95 (P). ($10.35). A study of film's story-telling methods.

Six Men. By Alistair Cooke. Knopf 1977. 205 pp. $8.95 (H). (Random House, $10.95). Personal profiles of Chaplin and Bogart, among others.

16mm Distribution. By Judith Trojan and Nadine Covert. EFLA 1977. 181 pp. $6.00 (P).

Souvenir Programs. Miles Kreuger, ed. Dover 1977. 236 pp, $6.00 (P). (General, $6.95). Advertising 12 classic movies 1927-41.

Star Acting. By Charles Affron. Dutton 1977. 354 pp. $16.95 (H). (Clarke Irwin, $20.50). The techniques of Gish, Garbo and Davis.

Sun and Shadow. By Jean-Pierre Aumont. Norton 1977. 315 pp. $9.95 (H). (McLeod, $12.00). The French actor's autobiography.

Super 8: The Modest Medium. By Jonathan F. Gunter. UNESCO 1976. 93 pp. $3.30 (P).

The Supernatural Movie Quiz. By Jeff Bovin. Drake 1977. 94 pp. $4.95 (P). (General, $5.95).

Surrealists and Surrealism. By Gaetan Picon. Rizzoli 1977. 231 pp. $50.00 (H). A comprehensive study of the movement, including a chapter on surrealist movies.

The Technique of the Motion Picture Camera. By H. Mario Raimondo. Hastings House 1977. 381 pp. $22.50 (H). The 3rd revised and enlarged edition of a standard textbook.

Universal Pictures. By Michael G. Fitzgerald. Arlington 1977. 766 pp. $30.00 (H). (Dent, $29.95). A history of the studio and its stars.

Valentines and Vitriol. By Rex Reed. Delacorte 1977. 280 pp. $8.95 (H). (Beaverbooks, $10.95). The columnist's selected interviews.

Rudolph Valentino. By Alexander Walker. Penguin 1977. 127 pp. $2.95 (P). An examination of the actor's life and career.

Valentino: The True Life Story. By Vincent Tajiri. Bantam 1977. 149 pp. $1.95 (P).

Vincente Minnelli and The Film Musical. By Joseph Andrew Casper. 192 pp. $15.00 (H).

Voices of Film Experience. Jay Leyda, ed. Macmillan 1977. 544 pp. $19.95 (H). (Collier-Macmillan). A comprehensive anthology of comments on cinema by cinema people.

Walt, Mickey and Me. By Paul Petersen. Dell 1977. 220 pp. $1.50 (P). Memoirs of the first Walt Disney "Mouseketeer."

We Thought We Could Do Anything. By Henry Ephron. Norton 1977. 211 pp. $8.95 (H). (McLeod, $10.75). Autobiography of the Henry-Phoebe Ephron Hollywood scriptwriting team.

William Goldman's Story of "A Bridge Too Far." By William Goldman. Dell 1977. Unpaginated $1.75 (P). The making of the film.

Compiled by George L. George

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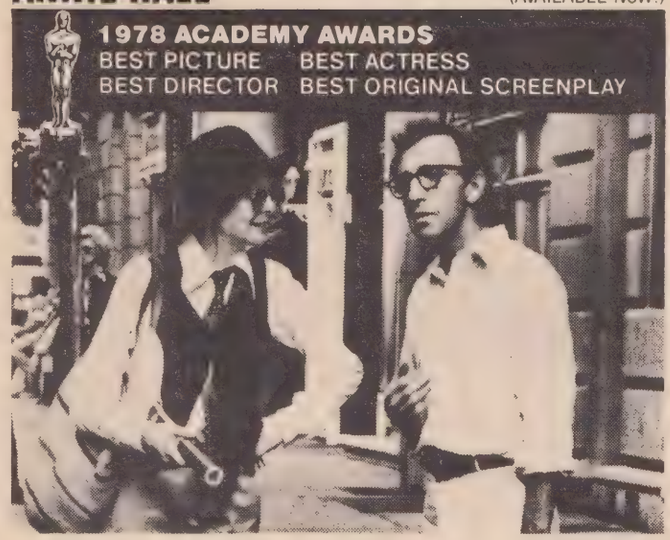

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BOOKER'S GUIDE TO SOURCES OF 16MM FILMS MENTIONED IN THIS ISSUE

In general, if a feature is mentioned in this issue of *Take One*, and distributed in either the US or Canada in 16mm, the names and addresses of those distributors are given below.

Take One remains happy to assist our readers in contacting a film's producers with a view to exhibiting any feature mentioned in the magazine.

Aloha Bobby and Rose. CAN:AST. US:SWK.
American Hot Wax. CAN:PAR. US:FI**
Annie Hall. UA.
Bananas. UA.
Bloody Mama. CAN:AMB. US:MAB.
Blume in Love. WB.
Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice. CAN:AST. US:SWK.
Bobby Deerfield. CAN:AST* US:SWK*
Born to Kill. CAN:AST.
The Boys in Company C. CAN:AST* US:SWK*
La Chienne. US:MAB.
The Christian Licorice Store. CAN:AST.
Cincinnati Kid. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Close Encounters of the Third Kind. CAN:AST* US:SWK*
Coming Home. UA*
Crime and Passion. CAN:AMB. US:SWK?
Death in Venice. WB.
Dementia 13. CAN:AMB. US:BUD.
Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet. UA.
Dog Day Afternoon. WB.
Double Indemnity. UNI.
Dusty and Sweets McGee. WB.
Executive Action. CAN:AST* US:SWK.
Five Star Final. UA.
Four Days in November. UA.
The Fury. CAN:BEL*. US:FI*
The Go-Between. CAN:AST. US:SWK.
The Godfather. CAN:PAR. US:FI**
Harry and Tonto. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
House of Strangers. US:FI.
Jackson County Jail. CAN:IFD. US:NWP.
Joan. CAN:CFI. US:MAB,BUD.
The Last Detail. CAN:AST. US:SWK.
Love and Death. UA.
Les Magiciens. CAN:PPC.
Mean Streets. WB.
The Men. WB.
The Men. US:IVY.
Me, Natalie. CAN:AST. US:BUD.
Mickey One. CAN:AST. US:SWK.
Mother, Jugs, and Speed. CAN:BEL. US:FI?
New York, New York. UA*
Panic in Needle Park. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
The Private Files of J. Edgar Hoover. CAN:AST* US:SWK?
Report. MAB.
Rush to Judgment. CAN:NCE. US:NYF.
Scarecrow. WB.
Scarlet Street. TMC.
Serpico. CAN:PAR. US:FI**
Silent Running. UNI.
Take the Money and Run. CAN:IFD. US:FI.
Taxi Driver. CAN:AST. US:SWK.
Tiger Shark. UA.
Tight Spot. CAN:AST. US:SWK.
Twilight's Last Gleaming. HWC?
2001—A Space Odyssey. UA.
An Unmarried Woman. CAN:BEL* US:FI*
Vampyr. CAN:RHT. US:MAB,BUD.
Who Has Seen the Wind. CAN:AST.
Woman in the Window. U.A.

Notes:
* 16mm prints may not be currently available.
? If anyone has 16mm prints available, these are the people.
** As we go to press, Gulf & Western's acquisition of rbc films (933 North La Brea Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90038; 213-874-5050) was in the process of being finalized. What that might mean for the future distribution in 16m of Paramount releases—presently handled by Films Inc—was still unclear.

While based on sources we believe reliable and up-to-date, Take One cannot guarantee the accuracy of any of the above information, nor assume any liability for damages caused by any mis-information given. We are happy to print additions and corrections in future issues.

AMB. Ambassador Films, 88 Eglinton E., Toronto M4P 1B8
AST. Astral Films, 720 King W., Toronto M5V 2T3
BEL. BelleVue Distributors, 227 Victoria St., Toronto M5B 1B6
BUD. Budget Films, 4590 Santa Monica Blvd., LA 90029
CFI. Canadian Film Institute, 1762 Carling, Ottawa K2A 2H7
FI. Films Inc., 1144 Wilmette, Wilmette, IL 60091 (and regional offices)
HCW. Hurlock Ciné World, 13 Arcadia, Old Greenwich, CN 06870
IFD. International Film Distributors, 175 Bloor E., Toronto M4W 1E2
IVY. Ivy Films, 165 W 46, NYC 10022
MAB. MacMillan Audio Brandon, 34 MacQuesten Pkwy. S., Mt. Vernon, NY 10550
NCE. New Cinema Enterprises, 35 Britain, Toronto M5A 1R7
NWP. New World Pictures, 8831 Sunset Blvd., LA 90069
NYF. New Yorker Films, 42 W 61, NYC 10023
Par. Paramount Pictures, 1 Yonge, Toronto M5E 1E9
PPC. Prospec Films, 1010 Sherbrooke W., Montreal H3A 2R7
RHT. Reg. Hartt Films, 712 Bathurst, Toronto M5S 2R4
SWK. Swank Motion Pictures, 201 S. Jefferson, St. Louis, MO 63166
TMC. The Movie Center, 57 Baldwin, Charlestown, MA 02129
UA. United Artists Corp., Suite 800, 2180 Yonge, Toronto M4S 2B9, and 729 Seventh Ave., NYC 10019
UNI. Universal Films, 2450 Victoria Park, Willowdale M2J 4A1, and 445 Park Ave., NYC 10022
WB. Warner Bros., 70 Carlton St., Toronto M5B 1L7, and 400 Warner Blvd., Burbank, CA 91505

CONFERENCES & COMPETITIONS

A category for student-made films has been added for this, the second annual, **Connecticut Film Festival**, to be held Nov. 17 and 18 in Hartford. The competition is open to any 16mm film—sound or silent—released after Jan. 1 1974. For further information: David White, Conn. Film Festival, Museum of Connecticut History, 231 Capitol Avenue, Hartford, CN 06115 (203-566-3056).

This year's **Spoleto Festival USA** (May 25 through June 11, in Charleston, SC) includes a Visconti retrospective—18 films, two of them (*L'Innocente* and *White Nights*) receiving their American premieres. More details from: Andrea V. Anson, Spoleto Festival USA 1978, P.O. Box 157, Charleston, SC 29402 (803-722-2764).

The University of Florida's third **Summer Film Studies Workshop** runs June 19 through July 21, and this year concentrates on "American Film Genres", with screenings, visiting lecturers, etc. Write: William Childers, Summer Film Studies Workshop, 4008 GPA, University of Florida, Gainesville, FL 32611.

Limited to films, tapes, filmstrips and slide presentations in the areas of business, training and medicine, the entry deadline for this year's **Intercom** is June 5. This might be your chance to win a coveted Gold Hugo—although handling fees are quite steep (up to $150 for a videotape over an hour long). For full details, contact: Michael J. Kutza, Jr., Director, The Industrial Film and Videotape Competition, Chicago International Film Festival, 415 N. Dearborn, Chicago, IL 60610 (312-644-3400).

The University of Tulsa will hold a **Summer Media Institute** June 12-30: six classes offered for graduate and undergraduate credit. Among the faculty will be Paul and Gretchen Gray of the Gray Film Atelier (teaching "Basic 16mm Film Production") and Yvonne Anderson, founder and director of the Yellow Ball Workshop (teaching "Basic and Advanced Film Animation"). For information and registration: Dr. Thomas W. Bohn, Faculty of Communications, University of Tulsa, Tulsa, OK 74104 (918-939-6351, ext. 541).

An international film festival, focused on nature and life, will be staged in Seattle June 14 and 15. The **Black Orca International Film Festival** is open to 16mm and 35mm films on environmental issues, wildlife, exploration discovery research, and native people in their environment. Entry deadline is May 15. William Porter, Black Orca Film Festival, 715 Harrison Street, Seattle, WA 98109 (206-324-6228).

The British Film Institute's 1978 **Summer School** will be held July 29 through August 12 in Stirling, Scotland, taking as its focus—this year—the area of Film and Audience. Cost is approximately $175, including all tuition and board. Details from: Summer School Secretary, Educational Advisory Service, 81 Dean Street, London W1V 6AA, England (01-437-4355).

The Cuban Film Institute is organizing the **International Festival of Young People's Cinema,** to be held in Havana this July. It will show films in all genres, formats and lengths—"which express the real cultural values of their different countries and the role of youth in anti-imperialist solidarity, peace and friendship among all countries." More info: Pastor Vega, Distribuidora Internacional de Peliculas, ICAIC, Calle 23, No. 1155, Vedado, Ciudad de la Habana, Cuba (Tel.: 3-4400).

The eighth annual **Summer Institute on the Media Arts** is to be held at Tufts University in Medford, Mass (just outside Boston) June 25 through July 15. It's an intensive three-week program (six graduate or undergraduate credits available) in the film, video, photography and related media arts. Among the faculty: Richard Leacock, Jean Rouch, Ed Emshwiller, and Ann McIntosh. For a complete course description brochure: University

Film Study Center, Box 275, Cambridge, MA 02138 (617-253-7612).

The 1978 **Robert Flaherty Seminar**—a week-long examination of films made in the spirit of exploration which characterized the work of the documentary pioneer—will take place on the campus of Pine Manor Junior College (Chestnut Hill, Mass) August 26 through September 2. To submit films, or for more information, contact: International Film Seminars, Room 1108, 1860 Broadway, New York, NY 10023 (212-C17-5536).

The 21st annual **International Film & TVFestival of New York** is scheduled for Nov. 1 through 3. There are separate sections for filmstrips, industrial and educational films, television and cinema commercials, television programs, newsfilms, promotional films, etc., etc. Further details from: The International F.T.F. Corp., 251 West 57th Street, New York, NY 10019 (212-246-5133).

CLASSIFIEDS

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A GUIDE TO FEATURE FILMS (*continued from page 52.*)

Corneau, Daniel Boulanger: **ph:** Pierre William Glenn; **mus:** Gerry Mulligan, **lp:** Yves Montand, Carole Laure, Marie Dubois, Jean-François Balmer.

MUTATION
1977 (Nov 23—Dec 17). 35mm Colour. **lab:** Film House (Tor); **loc:** Toronto; **dial:** English; **pc:** Harmony Ridge Holdings, Ltd. (Harmony Productions); **p:** Ed Hunt, Barry Pearson; **d:** Ed Hunt; **sc:** Ed Hunt, Barry Pearson; **ph:** Mark Irwin; **ed:** Ron Wisman; **lp:** Kate Reid, Daniel Pilon, Céline Lomez, Michael J. Reynolds, Brenda Donohue.

ONE NIGHT STAND
1977 (Jun 27—Jul 19). 35mm Colour. **lab:** Film House (Tor); **loc:** Toronto; **studio:** Kleinberg; **dial:** English; **pc:** Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, Allan King Associates; **exec p:** Stanley Colbert; **p:** Allan Winton King; **d:** Allan Winton King; **sc:** Carol Bolt (from her own play of the same name); **ph:** Ken Gregg; **ed:** Myrtle Virgo; **mus:** Rough Trade; **lp:** Chapelle Jaffe, Brent Carver, Dinah Christie, Susan Hogan, Mina E. Mina, Len Doncheff, Robert Silverman, Pixie Bigelow, Don Daynard.

OUTRAGEOUS!
1977 (Jan 24—Feb 28). 16mm Colour; **lab:** Quinn Labs (Tor); **loc:** Toronto, New York; **dial:** English; **pc:** Film Consortium of Canada, Inc. (Tor); **assoc. p:** Peter O'Brian; **p:** William Marshall, Henk Van der Kolk; **d:** Richard Benner; **sc:** Richard Benner; **ph:** Jim Kelly; **ed:** George Appleby; **mus:** Paul Hoffert; **lp:** Craig Russell, Hollis McLaren, Allan Moyle, Helen Hughes, David McIlwraith.

QUEBEC ET APRES
1977 (Sep 8—still shooting) 16mm Colour.
loc: Quebec, Trois Rivières, Montreal, Paris, Ottawa; **dial:** French; **pc:** National Film Board; **p:** Roger Frappier, Jacques Gagné; **d:** Denys Arcand, **ph:** Alain Dostie; **ed:** Pierre Bernier.

RETOUR AU PAYS D'EN BAS
1974 (Sep 1)—1977 (Oct 14). 16mm Colour.
lab: Mont-Royal; **loc:** Saint Mathieu, Rimouski, P.Q.; **dial:** French; **p:** Jean-Claude Coulbois; **d:** Jean-Claude Coulbois; **ph:** Serge Giguère; **ed:** Serge Giguère, Jean Saulnier; **sn:** Jean Rival; **mus:** Jocelyn Bérubé; **lp:** Documentary.

THE SILENT PARTNER
1977 (Aug 22—Oct 17). 35mm Colour. **lab:** Quinn Laboratories (Tor); **loc:** Toronto; **studio:** Kleinberg; **dial:** English; **pc:** Silent Partner Film Productions, Limited (Tor); **exec p:** Garth H. Drabinsky; **p:** Stephen Young, Joel B. Michaels; **d:** Daryl Duke; **sc:** Curtis Hanson from the novel "Think of A Number" by Anders Bodelsen; **ph:** William Desmond Williams; **ed:** George Appleby; **mus:** Oscar Peterson; **lp:** Christopher Plummer, Elliott Gould, Susannah York, Céline Lomez, Sean Sullivan, Michael Kirby, Michael Donaghue.

SPEED
1977 (May 21—Oct 9). 16mm Colour. **lab:** Quinn Laboratories (Tor); **loc:** Mosport Park and other Canadian tracks; **dial:** English; **pc:** Chetwynd Films, Ltd (Tor) in association with Mosport Park, Ltd.; **p:** Harvey Hudes; **d:** James Robinson; **ph:** Robert Brooks.

SUR LA ROUTE DU TABAC ET DES CREPES BRETONNES
1977 (Aug 8—18). 16mm BW.
lab: National Film Board; **loc:** Toronto, **dial:** French; **p:** Mario Bolduc, **d:** Mario Bolduc; **sc:** Mario Bolduc; **ph:** Richard Cliche; **ed:** Mario Bolduc; **lp:** Ginette Guay, Jean François Gaudet, Jean-Pierre Laurendeau.

TELL ME MY NAME
1977 (Jan 26—Feb 15) 35mm Colour.
lab: Quinn Labs (Tor); **studio:** Kleinberg; **dial:** English; **pc:** Reid-Cowan Productions, Inc. (Tor), Talent Associates; **exec p:** David Susskind, Frederick Brogger; **p:** Donald W. Reid; **d:** Delbert Mann; **sc:** Joanna Lee; (from the book by Mary Carter) **ph:** Zale Magder; **ed:** Kent Anthony; **mus:** Hagood Hardy, Mickey Erbe; **lp:** Arthur Hill, Barnard Hughes, Barbara Barrie, Valerie Mahaffey, Glenn Zachar, Douglas McKeon, Deborah Turnbull, Murray Westgate, Dawn Greenhalgh.

THE THIRD WALKER
1977 (Aug 8—Sep 17). 35mm Colour.
lab: Quinn Laboratories (Tor); **loc:** Cape Breton Island, N.S.; **dial:** English; **pc:** Wychwood Productions, Ltd. (Ont); **p:** T.C. McLuhan, Brian Windsor; **d:** T.C. McLuhan, **sc:** T.C. McLuhan, and others; **ph:** Robert Fiore; **ed:** Allan Collins; **lp:** William Shatner, Coleen Dewhurst, Frank Moore, Andrée Pelletier, Monique Mercure, David Meyer, Tony Meyer.

THREE CARD MONTE
1977 (May 9—Jun10). 16mm Colour.
lab: Film House (Tor); **loc:** Toronto; **dial:** English; **pc:** Regenthall Film Productions (a division of Richard Gabourie Productions Ltd.); **exec p:** Richard Gabourie; **p:** Rob Iveson; **d:** Les Rose, **sc:** Richard Gabourie; **ph:** Henri Fiks; **ed:** Ron Wisman; **mus:** Jim Caverhill, Paul Zaza; **lp:** Richard Gabourie, Christopher Langevin, Tony Sheer, John Rutter, Lynne Cavanagh, Valerie Warburton, Jean McCann.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES
1977 (Aug 29—Oct 13). 35mm Colour.
lab: Sonolab (Mtl), Post Production: Twickenham (UK); **loc:** Montreal, Laval, (P.Q.); **dial:** English; **pc:** Classic Film Industries (Mtl), Michael Klinger Productions (UK); **exec p:** Julian Melzack, Michael Klinger, **p:** Denis Héroux, Robert Sterne; **d:** Peter Collinson; **sc:** Sidney Banks, (adapted from an original script by David Pursall and Jack Seddon) **ph:** François Protat; **ed:** John Shirley; **mus:** Roy Budd; **lp:** Oliver Reed, Susan George, Donald Pleasence, Stephan McHattie, John Ireland, Raymond Burr, Paul Koslo, Richard Donat, Jayne Eastwood, Cec Linder.

TWO SOLITUDES
1977 (Oct 16—Nov 23). 35mm Colour.
lab: Bellevue-Pathé (Mtl); **loc:** Montreal, St-Liboire, Senneville; **dial:** English; **pc:** Two Solitudes Film Corporation; **exec p:** James Shavick; **p:** James Shavick, Harry Gulkin; **d:** Lionel Chetwynd; **sc:** Lionel Chetwynd (from the book by Hugh MacLennan); **ph:** René Verzier, Bernard Chentrier (last three days); **ed:** Ralphe Brunges; **mus:** André Perri; **lp:** Jean-Pierre Aumont, Stacey Keach, Gloria Carlin, Christopher Wiggins, Claude Jutra, Mary Pirie, Jean-Louis Roux, Raymond Cloutier, Stephen Rosenberg, J.-Léo Gagnon.

VIOLETTE NOZIERE
1977 (Nov 14—Dec 31). 35mm Colour.
dial: French; **pc:** Filmel (Paris), FR3 (Paris), Cinévidéo (Montreal); **d:** Claude Chabrol; **sc:** Claude Chabrol, Odile Barsky from the book by Jean-Marie Fitère; **ph:** Jean Rabier; **sn:** Patrick Rousseau; **ed:** Yves Langlois; **lp:** Isabelle Huppert, Stéphane Audran, Jean Carmet, Bernadette Lafont, Jean-François Garreaud, Lisa Langlois, Guy Hoffman, Jean Dalmain.

VOYAGE EN BRETAGNE INTERIEURE
1977 (Apr 23—May 24). 16mm Colour.
lab: Bellevue-Pathé; **loc:** Brittany, France; **dial:** Celtic and French; **pc:** Richard Lavoie, Inc.; **p:** Richard Lavoie; **d:** Richard Lavoie, Maurice Bunio-Carpentier, Pierre Pelletier, Yves Saint-Jean, Marielle Frenette **ph:** Richard Lavoie; **ed:** Richard Lavoie.

LES VRAIS PERDANTS
1977 (Feb 21—Jun 7). 16mm Colour.
loc: Montreal; **dial:** French; **pc:** National Film Board, **p:** Jacques Gagné; **d:** André Melançon; **ph:** Pierre Mignot; **ed:** Josée Lecours.

D. John Turner is the Film Acquisition Officer for the National Film Archives of Canada, and has published **800 Films for Film Study.**

PUNDIT'S PAGE

A guide to some of this season's major films, culled from the reviews of America's most influential movie critics.

By Susan Schenker

AMERICAN HOT WAX
Directed by Floyd Mutrux. Screenplay by John Kaye. With Tim McIntire, Fran Drescher, Laraine Newman, Moosie Drier.

"The 91-minute Paramount release is a good commercial bet for the Easter holiday-spring vacation period. Exhibitors should play the film at a very high sound volume for maximum audience impact." Murf., *Variety.*

"*American Hot Wax,* which has a plot so thin you could thread a needle with it, chooses to see the era strictly in terms of the B-movie melodramas it produced." Janet Maslin, *New York Times.*

"In its own bumbling way, *American Hot Wax* rekindles the cataclysmic spirit of the rock 'n' roll revolution of the 1950s." Frank Rich, *Time.*

BLUE COLLAR
Directed by Paul Schrader. Screenplay by Paul and Leonard Schrader. With Richard Pryor, Harvey Keitel, Yaphet Kotto.

"[*Blue Collar*] turns out to be that rarest of Hollywood commodities, a genuinely political film. And a damned good one at that." David Ansen, *Newsweek.*

"[Schrader's] view of the proletarian heroes... is admirably sympathetic without being either patronizing or idealized." Molly Haskell, *New York Magazine.*

"The big flaw in *Blue Collar* is that Schrader has imposed his personal depression on characters who, in dramatic terms, haven't earned it. He's given Zeke, Smokey, and Jerry no will but the will to destroy themselves..." Pauline Kael, *New Yorker.*

THE SERPENT'S EGG
Directed and written by Ingmar Bergman. With Liv Ullmann, David Carradine, Gert Froebe, Heinz Bennent.

"Miscast David Carradine turns Ingmar Bergman's Berlin of 1923 into Dullsville." Kell., *Variety.*

"Bergman has no special feeling for the interaction of politics and human destiny, or for a period and place that lesser artists have painted more vividly." Molly Haskell, *New York Magazine.*

"*The Serpent's Egg*, made in English in Germany, is the worst Ingmar Bergman film I've seen." Roger Greenspun, *Penthouse.*

"This movie, which fills the screen with images of fear and blood, of head-splitting pain and death, and then throws in gothic political theories, is a crackpot tragedy." Pauline Kael, *New Yorker.*

AN UNMARRIED WOMAN
Directed and written by Paul Mazursky. With Jill Clayburgh, Alan Bates, Michael Murphy, Cliff Gorman, Lisa Lucas.

"Mr. Mazursky is a writer-director of such real abilities that we've the right to demand that he be better... He attempts to soothe when he should scratch." Vincent Canby, *New York Times.*

"Like most of Mazursky's movies, *An Unmarried Woman* spends its time in real-life today, and ends somewhere over the rainbow." Richard Corliss, *New Times.*

"I don't want to start quoting jokes and one-liners. Take my word for it: *An Unmarried Woman* is marvelously funny in the midst of all its warm generous feelings." Andrew Sarris, *Village Voice.*

COMING HOME
Directed by Hal Ashby. Screenplay by Waldo Salt, Robert Jones, based on a story by Nancy Dowd. With Jane Fonda, Jon Voight, Bruce Dern.

"...the main problem seems to be the rambling ballad form to which Ashby seems to be increasingly addicted..." Andrew Sarris, *Village Voice.*

"Though the illicit affair of a beautiful woman and a cripple is potentially mawkish stuff, Ashby usually does not allow his story to become overly sentimental." Frank Rich, *Time.*

"It's that romanticism that sticks in the craw... much of what they've done in *Coming Home* is just as romantic as John Wayne in *The Green Berets.*" Jack Kroll, *Newsweek.*

THE BETSY
Directed by Daniel Petrie. Screenplay by William Bast, Walter Bernstein based on the novel by Harold Robbins. With Laurence Olivier, Robert Duvall, Katharine Ross, Tommy Lee Jones.

"*The Betsy* is a guilty movie—it's got an acute case of the soft Rs. That will hurt it at the b.o." Hege., *Variety.*

"The director, Daniel Petrie, aims low and misses his target—maybe through taste and half-heartedness as much as ineptitude." Pauline Kael, *New Yorker.*

"Watch Olivier show the suffering cast how to kid a ridiculous script without losing your integrity." Jack Kroll, *Newsweek.*

"The film does, however, offer one possible source of energy worth exploring. That, of course, is the libido. If the auto people in *The Betsy* could bottle that, they could power their products from here to the millennium and back on it." Richard Schickel, *Time.*

COMA
Directed by Michael Crichton. Screenplay by Crichton based on the movel by Robin Cook. With Geneviève Bujold, Michael Douglas, Richard Widmark, Rip Torn, Lois Chiles.

"Shorn of its medical shock value, *Coma* is nothing more than 'Nancy Drew Goes to Surgery,' a creaky blend of red herrings, ominous stares, stale cliff-hangers and doom-laden music." David Ansen, *Newsweek.*

"Nevertheless, the single source of dramatic energy in this crude thriller is Crichton's exploitation of the audience's rational and irrational fear of doctors and hospitals... This is arrogant moviemaking..." John Skow, *Time.*

"This is the first Hollywood picture in which Bujold has had the central starring role, and she manages to sustain her performance by snuggling deep inside the shallow material." Pauline Kael, *New Yorker.*

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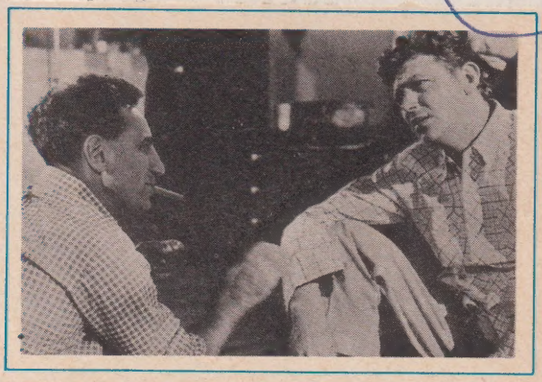
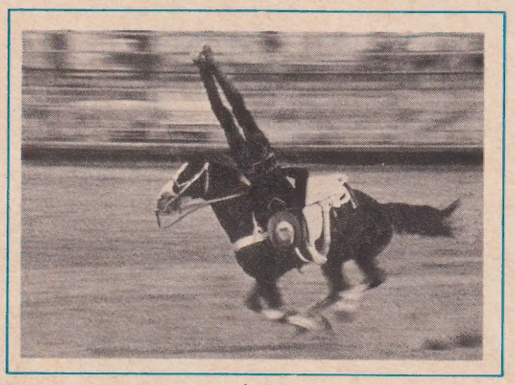


Elia Kazan's powerful indictment of the American media was in many ways the basis of *Network*. Available for the first time from Films Incorporated.

We're Not the Jet Set



Robert Duvall turns director for this statement about America. "If Sam Pekinpah were to go cinema verite, this is the movie he would make." – *Village Voice*

A Day in the Country

Jean Renoir's legendary 1937 film is a perfect declaration about a young girl's awakening to love.

Daguerreotypes

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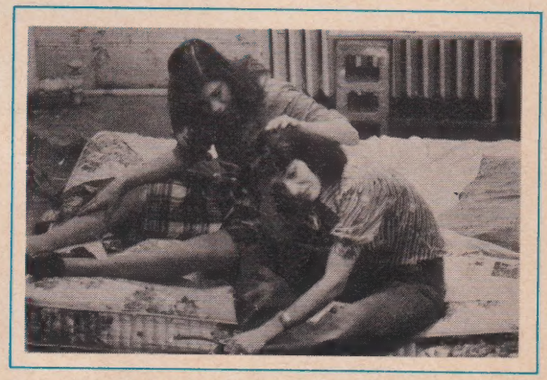

Martha Coolidge directed this important observation of rape in America. "A complex and frightening study of what happens to a woman who has been raped."
– *Los Angeles Times*

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